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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

NO RESPITE FOR THE ARMENIANS

An article by Judge Michael Hansson, of the mixed court of appeals in Alexandria, in the *Kristiania Morgenbladet*, describes the unhappy fate of the one hundred and fifty thousand or more Armenian fugitives surviving from the Turkish massacres of 1915–1916, who were on their way to Cilicia, where they hoped to find security under French protection, when the Paris Government concluded its recent treaty relinquishing that province to the Turks. The occasion for the article was the presence of several shiploads of these refugees in the harbor of Alexandria. Their previous experience with the Turks has destroyed their faith in mere treaty protection. 'All they know is that the Turks never neglect a chance to ruin their houses, outrage their women folk, and murder their men. . . . Where can they turn? Neither Smyrna nor the Greek Islands will have them. Greece can hardly do more than take care of the Greek fugitives, who are pouring by thousands back to their homeland. Palestine cannot even digest the Jewish invasion at once; Alexandria has already so many Russians and Armenians that no welcome awaits them there. So they are told to go to France, but fear to proceed to Marseilles lest the French Government, now so friendly to the Turks, ship them back to the Sultan's dominions. As a result there has been rioting on board the ships containing the refugees, and the shipmasters are afraid to put to sea lest the passengers take possession of the vessels. So these exile-laden ships are moored in harbors, or are coasting around the Mediterranean, crowded with women and children, while in coast towns of Asia Minor thousands and thousands of other Christians languish in the depth of distress, vainly supplicating for help.'

Meanwhile, the bitterness of Greece over its failure and disappointments in Asia Minor promises to become a permanent source of international discord. Aside from the Turks there are two parties in the Levant who are strongly anti-Greek: the Egyptians and the Levantines. A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says that an Egyptian delegation arrived at Constantinople late in December, *en route* for Angora, carrying a million Turkish pounds to Mustapha Kemal. While the members were in the city, six thousand Christian refugees reached Athens from Cilicia, fleeing before the Turkish reoccupation of the province.

But political cleavage does not invariably run along religious lines. The

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Levantines, a very influential class, are drawn from all the European and some of the Asiatic nationalities. Many are former Turkish subjects of English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Dutch, or other West-European ancestry. Their forefathers settled permanently in Asia, where in many instances they accumulated large fortunes. The term also includes so-called 'protected' subjects, that is natives of mixed descent who eluded Turkish nationality by becoming citizens of another country. Though many of these — perhaps a majority — are Christians, they oppose the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire and the establishment of the Greeks, Italians, and French in Asia Minor and Syria. They fear above all the commercial rivalry of the Greeks, and the privileges the latter will enjoy if the political sway of Athens is permanently extended to the Asiatic mainland.

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MR. KEYNES'S NEW BOOK

MR. KEYNES'S new book was reviewed by almost every important London daily. The conservative *Morning Post*, which is not inclined to spare Germany, introduces its comments upon the book with the following appraisal of the author: —

The sense of superiority of Mr. Keynes is crushing — as crushing as the burdens which he tells us the Allies have been imposing on Germany. Our All-Highest economist has some good grounds, it is true, to justify his superb self-confidence. In the first place, he knows all about economic theory and practice, and in that respect enjoys a marked advantage over nearly all British statesmen and over the vast majority of the simple, good-natured, and gullible British public. In the second place, Mr. Keynes has the rare gift of presenting a hard case in clear and impeccable English, and of making abstruse economic questions intelligible to the layman. And finally, he can with some justification play the rôle of that very formidable and somewhat trying person who says 'I told you so.'

The liberal *Westminster Gazette* reintroduces Mr. Keynes to the public in a rather different manner: —

Now and again the sarcastic note breaks in, but on the whole Mr. Keynes writes with commendable modesty and self-restraint in this sequel to his famous book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. The first book was a prediction: the second is a verification leading up to certain positive proposals for 'the Revision of the Treaty.' He said two years ago that the Treaty must break down, and he is able after two years to trace its breakdown step by step and to show the enormous difficulties in which Europe and its Governments have been involved, both in their futile efforts to enforce it and in the struggles of some of them to extricate themselves from it. The story is both political and economic.

This new volume summarizes the history of two years' effort to make the Versailles Treaty work — it is said to be, if not the only, certainly the most readable summary of that dry and despairing record which has so far been given to the world. We reproduce a table in which the author shows the continuous decline of the demands on Germany — quite according to his own earlier predictions — from 1918 to the London settlement of May 1921: —

To make a basis of comparison he has reduced capital sums and annual payments to annuities of six per cent of their amount: —

Estimates of	In terms of Annuities expressed in Billions of Gold Marks
1. Lord Cunliffe and the figure given out in the British General Election of 1918	28.8
2. M. Klotz's forecast in the French Chamber, 5 September 1919	18
3. The Assessment of the Reparations Commission, April 1921	8.28
4. The London Settlement, May 1921	4.6

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Mr. Keynes has a programme for revising the Treaty. We quote the following summary of his proposals, from the *Westminster Gazette:* —

It consists (1) in wiping out the claim for pensions and allowances, which most competent lawyers and other right-minded people now consider to be totally opposed both to the letter and the spirit of the Armistice terms; (2) reducing the claim for damages, which are swollen out of all reason, to an honest figure; (3) canceling the British claim altogether; (4) squaring the debts of Italy and the minor claimants by canceling the debts due from them; and (5) leaving to France and Belgium the whole of the remainder. The claim thus reduced would, according to Mr. Keynes's estimate, be brought down to 21 milliards (£1,050,000,000), this sum to be discharged by an annual payment of 6 per cent of the sum due (5 per cent interest and 1 per cent sinking-fund) over a period of thirty years. This he thinks Germany can pay and ought to pay.

Criticizing these recommendations, the London *Morning Post* says: —

The British public have never approached the problem of reparations from an economic point of view. We doubt if they have ever expected to get much tangible reparations from Germany, but they have always insisted *on moral grounds* that Germany should be compelled to pay to the uttermost farthing. Mr. Keynes, luminous, learned, and logical, fails to take into his calculations the moral issues at all. Yet if Germany were simply in the position of the other belligerents, we should gravely question whether she should be compelled to pay even the thirty-six milliards which Mr. Keynes graciously permits. The German rulers launched the war and waged it in brutal fashion, and did so with the wholehearted support of the German people. Having failed they must pay the penalty. The penalties, so far as reparations are concerned, have had to be modified, not because they were originally absurd, but because there have been economic developments in Germany and elsewhere which could not have been foreseen by the framers of the Treaty of Versailles. At the same time, the Treaty foresaw the probability of changes, and laid down the machinery to make the necessary adjustments.

The *Manchester Guardian* observes: —

For the British reader the most painful chapter in the book is that on the legality of the claim for pensions which make up about two thirds of our own claim. Germany had been promised peace terms which admitted nothing beyond compensation for damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and to their property by the aggression of Germany, whether by land, by sea, or from the air. At the Peace Conference, however, it was argued that the absence of a wage-earner constituted damage to the civilian population, and that a soldier becomes a civilian again after his discharge, and that, therefore, a wound, the effects of which persist after he has left the army, is damage done to a civilian. But, then, why not claim the entire cost of the war, seeing 'that these costs must fall on the taxpayer, who, generally speaking, is a civilian?'

In this volume, as in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace,* Mr. Keynes spices the dry materials which he must handle with picturesque and caustic comment upon the public men who have been prominent in these negotiations and settlements. Of Lloyd George he says: —

The deeper and fouler the bogs into which Mr. Lloyd George leads us, the more credit is his for getting us out. He leads us in to satisfy our desires; he leads us out to save our souls. He hands us down the primrose path, and puts out the bonfire just in time. Who, ever before, enjoyed the best of heaven and hell as we do? In England opinion has nearly completed its swing, and the Prime Minister is making ready to win a General Election on Forbidding Germany to Pay, Employment for Every One, and a Happier Europe for All. Why not, indeed? But this Faustus of ours shakes too quickly his kaleidoscope of halos and hell-fire for me to depict the hues as they melt into one another.

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FRANCE AND AFRICA

GENERAL MANGIN recently gave an interview to the Paris correspondent of the London *Observer* in which he discussed the relations of the French and the Negroes in Africa. As a young lieutenant in the African service he practically lived the life of a native. Altogether he spent fourteen years in military service on that continent. The General believes that the black race has a promising future. With regard to their mentality he said: —

It is largely a matter of education. Certainly the forest folk are fundamentally inferior. It will probably be impossible ever to raise them to the level of European civilization. They are overshadowed by the violent vegetation that blots out the sky, that depresses and kills all human life. The forest is terrible. When one journeys from the coast, where the people are gay and intelligent, and then penetrates into these dreadful places of dark trees, one is amazed with the contrast. A great gloom settles upon the spirit. Gayety and intelligence disappear. One is among primitive savages who have never evolved and who in these conditions can never evolve. The environment is fatal. The individual develops no social sense. There is no need to plant. There is no stimulus to human effort. The inhabitants of the clearings remain brutes, decimated by disease, refractory to progress, practising barbarous rites, and with their spirits overcast. The forest is terrible. . . .

But it is altogether wrong to think of the Negro in such terms. These are special peoples, and there is no necessary connection between a black skin and a low intellectuality or a low morality. The forest folk are not representative of the black race, and where the natural conditions are favorable the Africans have a civilization of their own that in many respects is equal to ours.

It is not equal to ours in the scientific sense. But if we can carry the advantages of scientific discovery to Africa I assure you that the Blacks are capable of assimilating our civilization, which is essentially scientific, very quickly. They do more than assimilate; they have considerable initiative. Steamships and trains are driven by the natives, who learn with remarkable rapidity. All our telegraphic stations are manned by natives. In the manipulation of the scientific instruments of civilization the black man is as good as the white man. It is only a question of giving the Blacks proper opportunities and they will, in a very few years, make enormous strides.

In a word, he believes that 'potentially the black race is probably as good as the white.' He declared that the Negroes are more likely to adopt European ways than are the Arabs, who are separated from Europe by their fanatic adherence to the religion of Islam. He terminated the interview with the following conclusion, based upon his own experiences with the people of Central Africa: —

We have to distinguish between moral progress and scientific progress. I am convinced that morally many Africans have nothing to learn from us. All that vast zone which stretches from Senegal to Abyssinia, from Egypt to Morocco, from Algeria to Nigeria, is filled with monuments which testify to an immemorial civilization. There are states which for centuries have had an excellent organization as we understand it — with an army, a budget, a political, a religious, and an administrative service. There are spiritualistic religions which have existed for thousands of years, having at their base the idea of the unity of God, the immortality of the soul, and punishment for wrongdoing — cults which are free from idolatry or any kind of fetishism. The Mossi, for example, on the Niger, with whom I lived in 1890, have fine civic virtues and an admirable social order. They form a kingdom of two million Blacks, and if they lack many things which we possess, it is largely our fault in presenting to them the figure of slavedrivers, and so barring the way to any real interchange of educative ideas.

I do not deny that the education of the Negro has yet to be effected. I do not deny

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that the sense of tradition has been lost and that he has no deep hereditary roots. What I affirm is that he has qualities of heart and head that are not to be treated as negligible. He is naturally good and faithful, has the sentiment of honor, and given a real chance will reach a high standard. There is a black élite that may excel in every domain of the human spirit.

That there is a black peril, that the black races if raised from their present position will some day come into opposition and conflict with the white races, I do not believe for one moment. They will take their place in the human family and develop side by side with us.

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NEW LIGHTS ON WAR AND DIPLOMACY IN EUROPE

BOTH the French and the German press have been occupied of late with a controversy over Poincaré's alleged pro-war agitation prior to 1914. He has been charged with war propaganda by certain of his own countrymen, and has replied, in *Matin*, denying these charges. However, Russian diplomatic documents have come to light of late, especially the collection published by von Siebert, former secretary of the Russian Embassy in London, which suggest that if war was not desired by M. Poincaré and his associates, it was at least regarded as so probable as to be a subject of eager discussion. In November 1912, Isvolsky, the Russian Ambassador to Paris, reported that Poincaré told him in connection with the Balkan crisis: 'It is Russia's affair to take the initiative. France's business is to stand behind her. If Russia fights, France will fight also.'

The same Ambassador wrote from Paris in December 1912, that, when it was reported in Paris that Russia would not fight Austria over Serbia, 'this answer caused the utmost dismay to Poincaré and his Ministers.' He referred repeatedly to the efforts of Poincaré's cabinet to prepare public opinion in France for the country's participation in a war starting in the Balkans.

Simultaneously with these revelations — which do not contain much that is new to persons familiar with the spirit which pervaded European diplomacy during the years immediately preceding the Great War — a book has appeared at Vienna under the title *Kaiserliche Katastrophenpolitik*, which applies some of the methods of higher criticism to the compilations of official documents issued by the Central Powers since the war. We do not yet possess a reliable synthesis of these documentary materials and of the numerous war memoirs. The new book attempts to perform this task as far as Austria is particularly concerned, though of course it merely clears the way for later scholars. The Vienna Foreign Office appears to have repulsed contemptuously overtures made by Serbia at Christmas time, 1912, to settle the outstanding controversies between the two countries in an amicable manner.

Another recent book, by an old Prussian officer, General-Major Gerald von Gleich, *Vom Balkan nach Bagdad*, which has just been published at Berlin, confirms the deep-seated and unjust prejudices against Serbia which prevailed in the Central Powers. Referring to the Serbian officers whom he met in the Balkans, General von Gleich says: —

> What I saw was not so bad; and quite different from what we in Germany supposed. The Serbian officers with whom I became acquainted were attractive gentlemen, alert and intelligent in military matters, and gave the impression of being well-educated men. I was never able to persuade my countrymen at home that they possessed the good qualities I discovered. The prejudice against Serbia was ineradicable.

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Another passage from this book is worth quoting. It refers to the General's trip through Asia Minor while hostilities against the Allies were in progress: —

Several days' travel to a number of concentration camps, filled with unfortunate Armenians. The Turks are constantly bringing in new victims — women, children, and old men — and the spotted typhus is raging among them in a frightful way. It was not unusual to come across their half-decomposed corpses by the wayside. Our German sentiment was outraged by such brutality. Even if the Armenians were really the traitors and spies that they are represented to be in the pro-Turk propaganda we are receiving at home, such barbarous treatment would not be justified.

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YERBA MATÉ

YERBA MATÉ, the South American substitute for tea, is consumed to some extent in Europe, although it never has become a popular beverage there. The total supply in the international markets is about 100 million pounds, or one quarter the quantity of Asiatic tea imported into Great Britain alone. According to the London *Statist:* —

From a health point of view it is believed to be more beneficial, or at least less injurious, than the Asiatic variety so generally consumed in Europe. It has hardly any tannin in its composition. It is diuretic and is a mild aperient. Medical men attached to the armies of Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay are of opinion that it has a certain food value. This opinion is very commonly held over a large area of South America. It is asserted that soldiers and workers with a plentiful supply of maté and very little food have been able to perform tasks the ability to perform which would be difficult to account for except on the assumption that maté tea has a real food value. In the countries where it is largely consumed it is generally taken through a silver tube or *bombilla* and drunk without either milk or sugar. Milk and sugar can, of course, be added if desired; but on the great ranches and sheep runs, where it is most largely consumed, neither milk nor sugar is obtainable. It has one undoubted advantage, that whereas Asiatic tea rapidly deteriorates after being made, maté tea after standing for hours can be consumed without any apparent ill effects. Moreover, it is possible for a given unit of supply to make two or three or even four infusions.

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FREE SPEECH AT OXFORD

THE expulsion of a young Oxford undergraduate, and the temporary rustication of another, for publishing a Communist journal, has aroused a press controversy in Great Britain, in which the university authorities have come in for considerable criticism. The *Spectator* considers that the University has made an unhappy mistake. Its comment on this subject is of universal interest: —

Young men at Oxford are quite as keen as those in any other place on the globe, or perhaps we might almost say keener than those in any other place on the globe, to satisfy themselves as to the soundness of current views and theories — social and ethical. What the young hate, and rightly hate, is to be told to take things on trust. They want to test them and prove them for themselves. They hate to rely upon the word of somebody else in regard to what they rightly realize are the most important things in the world.

Surely those who are responsible for their education ought, in the first place, to be well pleased that the persons they are to teach adopt this attitude. It is the foundation of all true education. The person who wants to learn, and who is, therefore, worth teaching, should have 'Why?' 'How?' and 'What is the use of?' always on his lips. Nothing is more hopeless than to attempt to teach people who never challenge anything, but only learn by rote. Whether repression of ideas can ever be right may be an arguable matter, but certainly the last place for such repression is a university.

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THE UNCHANGING CHINESE

BY MARCEL ROUFF

From *Mercure de France, January*
(Clerical Conservative Monthly)

It is presumptuous, even for a person who has lived years in China, to pretend to sound the depths of her soul. Not only is that soul manifold and fathomless, but it shrouds itself from scrutiny. A Chinaman never opens his heart to Europeans, even to those whom he knows the best. So let us make no pretense of knowing what aspects of mind and spirit a Chinaman would disclose to a fellow countryman, or the sensibilities and ideas which inform his intimate life. In their relations with foreigners, Orientals conceal their true personalities behind a mask.

So an old resident, who has known them for thirty-two years, and learned to love them, must confess that he has scarce penetrated the surface of their feelings. Nevertheless, when one has lived so long among them, seeking neither to trade with them or to convert them, merely observing and occasionally divining, he forms some conclusions from their external life which may have value. Furthermore, a person thus living among the Chinese attends their social gatherings, and gradually learns something of their intellectual activities and their tastes and prepossessions. . . .

Westerners commonly believe that China's civilization, though it goes back farther perhaps than that of any other people, was at some date suddenly arrested; that China has been asleep for centuries and is unable to advance further. Our people assume this so unquestioningly, that they use it to justify their covetous projects. They ask, what reward is too great for the nation that takes these Chinese under its wings and galvanizes them into a new era of progress? Is n't it our duty to bring this dead culture the blessing of our vital, progressive civilization? Let us give the Chinese electricity and speculation, steam and auto bandits, airplanes and avarice, the telephone and asphyxiating gases, side cars and prize fights, telegraphs and *nouveaux riches*, escalators and fox-trots, machine guns and roller coasters — in a word, make the country up-to-date! And what money there is in it, too!

But is the premise correct? If it were true that China's civilization, having reached its apogee, had been suddenly immobilized, it would be a unique and miraculous fact in history. This would prove the Chinese an exceptional nation, whose evolution varies from that of every other. It has been an invariable law of human experience that when a race or civilization reaches its culminating point — that is to say, when it ceases to progress, it begins to decline, and eventually becomes extinct. That was the fate of Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and that is perhaps the destiny to-day facing Europe. Many believe they already see the fearful symptoms of her approaching decline, and think the year 1914 was the terminal point of her ascent. But Chinese civilization has survived all these dead civilizations! That alone, we must admit, is significant. We are entitled to assume that such an anomaly is not a mere acci-

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dent; that the civilizers of China were probably more intelligent and farseeing than the civilizers of nations already dead, and that they had a superior population to instruct. They disdained to employ their wisdom, science, and genius perfecting — that is to say, complicating — the material civilization of the people they were fashioning. Instead, they formed in the commons a state of mind which enabled its possessors automatically to stabilize their development as soon as they had attained a form of life adapted to their racial needs and aspirations — at least before pushing their development to a point which they could not maintain. China is not dead. Her civilization is not stationary. She has simply created a culture and institutions perfectly accommodated to the sentiments and mentality of her people, pausing at the relatively perfect, and thus escaping the perils of the absolute.

So China offers the world the unprecedented example of a nation wise enough not to be led astray by our stupidly standardized civilization, which after all merely touches the surface of our lives without promoting a parallel evolution of the soul; a civilization stupid, because it seeks to impose the same formula of progress upon the most diverse races without regard to their native character and qualities.

China teaches us an even more important lesson. Every civilization has a goal, a moving idea, an ideal toward which it strives. Without this, a group of human beings would remain a horde, intent solely upon securing for its members the means of existence. Now, if we except certain republics of ancient Greece, we can scan all history without discovering a single dead civilization which aspired to any higher ideal than material power and domination. The origin and development of every one of them was guided by imperialists. The citizen's life, industry, and thoughts, were merely raw materials for making conquests. The common people were compelled, by the spirit of their civilization and its institutions, to promote an excessive growth of the governing power which incarnated the nation. The conception of the state held by Louis XIV, by Napoleon, and above all by the modern Germans, is but the ripened fruit of the kind of civilization which has hitherto ruled the Western world.

China's civilization is essentially the opposite. Its sole and explicit purpose, its reason for existence, its vital force, the guiding thread in its unfolding and evolution, is happiness; that is to say, the only reality toward which the life of nations and of individuals consciously or unconsciously tends. The Chinaman does not seek that metaphysical and moral bliss with which we Westerners seek to solace our miseries, nor that abstract social welfare which brings such futile relief to individual suffering; nor yet the idea of concentrating all sources of happiness in a reigning house or a governing class, from the contemplation of whose felicity its suffering subjects are supposed to derive consolation for their own distress and privation. No! Chinese civilization takes as its standard the happiness of the individual, — everyday happiness, — something commonplace and tangible, the happiness of common wear. A Chinaman's religion — and religion is everywhere one of the main props of civilization — includes many lofty ideals, but it reserves no place for an imperious, jealous, threatening Deity of the Jehovah type. It liberates the race completely from one of the most harrowing hallucinations that afflicts humanity: fear of death. It satisfies man's cry for some weapon against the obscure forces which assail and menace him with practical little devices, such

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as firecrackers exploded in front of his house to drive away bad spirits. This traditional bit of self-deception the Chinaman accepts without further inquiry.

Freed from the fear of death — that is to say from the constant thought that his life is slipping past him — the Chinaman is never hurried. He does not dread old age; for his bleaching hair and multiplying wrinkles merely indicate that he is growing nearer to his ancestral gods. They bring him in this world a foretaste of the reverence which his dependents and relatives render to the family spirits venerated at the domestic altar.

We readily understand that so cheerful a religion, one which makes life and death equally agreeable, encourages the Chinese to enjoy to the utmost the pleasure of the passing hour. They naturally hearken little to people who come from distant lands to offer them in exchange for their sunnier belief the terrors of future punishment, gloomy meditations on redemption, and a metaphysics of fear. They consider such ideas not part of the Divine plan, but excellent devices for governing others in the Deity's name. So the average Chinaman has no wish to change his present tranquillity of soul for our harassed state of mind. Our fancy that we shall conquer him by converting him is an illusion. We shall first have to show him that his present condition of joyous contentment with life in this world and the next is false.

Drop into any Chinese city at haphazard and you find yourself plunged into an atmosphere of merriment and gayety. Pedestrians are not hurried; their cheerful countenances are those of men at peace with the world. You see streets beflagged with gorgeously embroidered banners, adorned with gigantic ensigns covered with golden letters, with colored-paper fish and birds, and with a thousand gayly lighted lanterns. The highways and passages are blocked with little booths and shops where pleasure is sold cheap. You are never out of the sound of laughter, music, and singing. The place seems perpetually *en fête*. But when a Chinaman strays into a European concession at Hongkong, Shanghai, Tientsin, what does he see? Restless, busy, care-burdened people, their faces contracted with the intensity of life's struggle, rushing about among great, gloomy, gray stone buildings. He sees men bowed over columns of figures, or hurrying hither and thither for orders and commissions, never stopping to breathe or to enjoy a moment's respite from their incessant rush and labor. There is nothing to tempt him in this comparison, and when he learns from reading or by word of mouth from fellow countrymen, returning from foreign journeys, about our European or American inferno, our restless energy-consuming life, our wars and massacres, our constant pursuit of wealth, our political and religious hatreds, our economic rivalries, our constant struggle to keep ahead of our neighbors, he contemplates with a certain irony the men and women who come across the seas to civilize him, to persuade him to trade his good times for our bad ones.

This, in a word, is the state of mind which the champions of a pacific penetration will meet in China. It is an attitude too deeply rooted, too powerful, too ancient, to be changed, even though we were to cover the land with missions and other civilizing agencies, under the protection of battleships and military garrisons.

I once made an experiment, which impressed me with the futility of persuading the Chinese to exchange a civilization, designed according to their taste, for a civilization not harmonizing with their instincts and aspirations, and

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definitely inferior to their own. You may say that my experiment was trivial. Granted. But the trifling details of daily life, if they are normal and are repeated four hundred million times in the same country between the rising and the setting of the sun, are more informing than dramatic episodes and political crises, as illustrating the resistance which a nation can offer to foreign conquest.

Toward noon one day, I visited a dockyard employing Chinese workingmen, who I knew were to be paid off that afternoon. I picked out at random a stonemason, and decided to shadow him for several hours. He received his pay for three days with evident satisfaction, and from that moment was preoccupied solely with making the modest sum — possibly five or six francs — produce the maximum enjoyment possible. A European workman of the same class would have doubtless exhibited the same desire, with the difference, however, that the burdensome routine of our existence would have prevented his accomplishing his object; and perhaps with another difference, that the European constantly dreams of getting rich himself, if there is the slightest prospect that he can do so. Let me pause here to say that in China, — if we except a few wealthy and Europeanized native bankers and merchants, — not only the members of the proletariat, but even the middle classes, have no conception of using money for investment. The purely negative pleasure of having money in the bank or in one's pocketbook is to them incomprehensible. In China money is merely an instrument of happiness; even the fortunes of the richest mandarins consist for the most part of collections of jewels and art objects — things which they can enjoy at sight, and are rather the products of money than money itself.

My mason, prouder, freer, and happier than if he carried in his pocket the wealth of a Chicago packer, betook himself across the harbor to a Chinese town. On his way, he passed an open-air fan-tan game, and naturally stopped. For three quarters of an hour he employed a modest capital of a few cents amusing himself far better than our millionaires do at Monte Carlo or at Aix-les-Bains; for though the Chinaman is an ardent gambler, he seldom permits this passion to betray him into the follies and tragedies so common in Europe. What he seeks is mental relaxation, a pleasant tingling of the nerves. He always plays with obvious pleasure and gayety, never to the point where his emotions become painful. After a time, my man continued on his way. He stopped next at a street corner before a curious little lacquered and gilded temple. Evidently he was prodigiously interested. As I drew near the group which had attracted his attention, I saw him placing himself at ease to listen to a song-bird contest. The Chinese like to carry about on their outstretched finger little warblers, often very costly pets, which have been blinded to make them better singers. It is a Chinaman's pride and delight to own the best little tenor in his street or neighborhood. Evenings he will stroll out to some busy point, and enter his warbler in one of the open-air competitions which the owners organize among themselves. A collection taken up among the spectators supplies the prizes. My mason did not hesitate to invest a part of his very modest fortune in the pleasure of listening to these well-trained song birds.

After he had enjoyed the singing for a considerable time, a neighboring temple attracted his attention. He bought some sticks of incense and without further formality lighted them and stuck them under the nose of an ami-

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able god, whose gilded and grinning smile seemed to delight him mightily.

After this it was time for dinner. In a little square right across from the booth of a druggist, who displayed in bright-colored boxes powdered deer-horn, tigers' eyes, and pills the size of walnuts, several sellers of viands were stationed in a row. My man first bought for a trifle a bowl of rice, meanwhile chatting and joking pleasantly with a crowd of fellow customers. Good humor improves the digestion and cordiality is the rule among these people. Next, my man passed in review the other food displayed for his delectation — dried rats, bamboo sprouts, preserved lily roots, sour bean-cakes, little dishes of various sauces, tiny morsels of jellied wings. Finally he stopped before the tray of a fish merchant. Taking a pair of chopsticks placed at his disposal, he lifted up in turn a morsel of ray, a filet of tuna, a little mackerel, a fine slice of pink eel meat. He examined each with the air of a connoisseur, held them up before the light, pondering on their quality, and stooped over to scan them closely. Then, after having spent several minutes of unquestioned delight in the process of selection — a pleasure which we hurried and tasteless Westerners would have shortened to thirty seconds — he decided in favor of the eel. We poor Europeans are satisfied to eat whatever the cook decides to send us. A Chinaman would not tolerate that. Farther along, in front of a shop where they sold oilpaper lanterns, an itinerant vender supplied his customers with a grill — a brazier fire with a little grate over it and a collection of tiny cups containing various sauces. My mason directed his steps thither, carrying his piece of eel triumphantly, as though it were a trophy of the chase. Waiting his turn, he cooked his fish to suit himself over the fire, seasoning it to his taste. When it was just as he wanted it, he squatted down to eat, taking sips of a black sauce at times and alternating the eel and rice. He concluded the repast with two bowls of green tea. I am willing to swear that the table of Lucullus never dismissed a more contented guest.

His dinner finished, my man resumed his search for distraction. He first made a visit to a fortune teller on a neighboring corner. The latter prophesied for him, after complicated ritual, some piece of good luck — at least I judged so; for my mason interrupted the energetic, chanting, vaticination of the diviner with jokes and with peals of laughter, which displayed his handsome white teeth, closed his jolly black eyes, wrinkled his forehead, and shook his shoulders. A Chinaman, in fact, is naturally a joker. He likes to make fun even of the mysteries of divination and religion, although he believes in them.

Thus reassured as to his immediate future, my workingman purchased a few trifles: some perfectly useless but charming little knickknacks of birds' feathers, and curiously shaped and colored pebbles. Then he bought a small package of pale, fine-cut tobacco, and entered a theatre. I left him there, knowing by experience that Chinese managers never offer their patrons entertainments like ours, which begin late and end early.

I returned to the shipyard the next day. My man had not come back. Indeed the foreman did not expect him. The latter explained that probably the mason still had some money left, and he would not report on his job until he had spent it. A Chinaman works for only two objects: food and amusement. He idles just as soon as he has enough to satisfy his needs and his tastes. But when he does work, he works more industriously and persistently than any white man. If you see a light burning

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at an unusually late hour in a European concession, or in some American town — I mean in a shop or other place of business — you may be certain that some Chinaman is toiling there until late at night.

The evening I have just described is that of millions and millions of Chinamen. Observe that the man whom I shadowed was an employee of a great European industrial concern. That was an exceptional condition. An overwhelming majority of his compatriots earn their living and take their pleasures in little workshops and other tiny enterprises. Their distractions, their enjoyments, their lives are practically identical with those of my mason, with this difference in their favor: they dine at the table and are members of the family of the petty employer whom they serve, sharing with him and his family their modest joys.

What can we accomplish against a social organization so justly equipoised, which has for its foundation this family idea, this spirit of coöperation, this temperamental solidarity? What can we accomplish against a state of mind which is preoccupied with one single object — to attain in a modest way the maximum satisfaction and happiness of each individual? When we touch that, we touch the depth of the Chinese soul. The Chinese nature is supple, refined, and clear-sighted; and I do not say that it will benightedly resist improvements which it knows can be made to subserve this primary purpose of individual happiness. But we have never brought China these improvements. The Chinese are familiar enough with our white world and its sinister civilization to have made up their mind long since that we have little that they can profitably assimilate. Nothing that truly harmonizes with their conception of life is to be found in the trunks of our commercial travelers, the carpet bags of our missionaries, or the dispatch boxes of our attachés. The common people, artisans, and laborers of China, are instinctively repelled by what they see in the European concessions and by the stories which their fellow countrymen bring back of life in the Western world. The mandarins themselves, those great Oriental disciples of Lucullus and Petronius, have found nothing in Europe or elsewhere which can add to the adornment of their trim gardens and their fairy palaces, or which can heighten the pleasures of sense and taste which they already know. A mandarin entertaining one of our diplomats said: 'I drink the health of France and China, the two greatest nations of the world, the only nations that have invented a cuisine and a code of courtesy.' He thus subtly suggested that he did not think China had anything to learn or to receive from the Occident.

In truth, what can they receive — these children of the oldest of human cultures, justly proud of possessing for ages in their original and indigenous civilization, values of which the peoples beyond the sea are only now becoming faintly conscious? Europeans were still eating with their fingers and wiping them upon the tablecloth when Chinamen had long been using the dainty chopsticks which, in a skilled hand, are infinitely nicer than knives and forks — and easier to keep clean. Beastly intoxication was good form in England and other countries long after the Chinese had made measure, temperance, and decency in all things an inviolable rule of life — in the use of opium and alcohol, of the pipe and the cup. It would take volumes properly to describe in all its details and subtle values the difference between the cuisine of China, of which that mandarin was so justly proud — is not the delicacy of its cuisine a measure of a nation's civiliza-

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tion? — and the beastly gorging of the Yankees. What lessons of urbanity and good taste might they not give to Mr. Wilson's fellow citizens, who bolt, pell-mell and simultaneously, soups, ragouts, desserts, liqueurs, fish, and ices, washing down this anarchistic chaos with huge drafts of cold water! Contrast with them these well-bred Chinamen, dainty and cultivated tasters of chicken and almonds, of swallows' nests, of jellied duck, and of countless other epicurean miracles, each of which they accompany by delicately chosen spirits of the finest quality.

A cuisine and a code of courtesy! Yes, indeed, these are the two signs of an ancient civilization and a cultivated mind. Who, unless it be the Chinese, and the French, can boast of possessing them? The Italians? Possibly. The English? They get drunk and keep on their hats when they meet a lady. The Americans? The Germans? Unnecessary to give an answer.

As I write these lines I recall, with real emotion, occasions when I was entertained at the homes of great Chinamen. I might paraphrase a sentence from Sieyès to suggest the charm and the delicious refinement of my reception. 'He who has not been a guest at least once at the table of a mandarin does not know the full perfection of social intercourse.' I shall not dwell upon the delicacy of the food, upon its exquisite and incomparable details and perfect harmony. That would be a subject for a special study. But what hosts the masters of these tasteful tables were — attentive to your pleasures, eager and vigilant to see that you were pleased, scrupulous observers of the most refined code of courtesy, possessing a tact at the same time gentle and imperious, at the same time cordial and perfectly natural, putting you immediately at your ease. Often after a magnificent banquet in the native style, in absolute conformity with the old customs of the country, my host has made a sign, the doors of a neighboring apartment have opened, and I have discovered awaiting me an equally sumptuous repast in the European style, accompanied by the choicest wines of my country. Let me ask once more: What white man receiving a foreigner in his home would have the delicate inspiration to satisfy the curiosity of his guest, and then, lest his native food might not please the latter, to prepare for him a wonderful repast recalling the best of his distant fatherland? Any fair-minded man will recognize in the perfection of this courtesy an evidence of the highest qualities which adorn the human race.

This clear-cut and unshakable confidence in his superiority, this faith strengthened by his survey of the contemporary world, that his civilization has accomplished its purpose, and that every member of his nation truly benefits by that civilization, is axiomatic to a Chinaman. The Chinese idea of happiness is composed of many negative elements. We have already referred to the Chinaman's instinctive aversion to a hurried life, — that is, to modern life, — his heartfelt horror of complications, and his contempt — except a few Europeanized financiers and business men — for money for its own sake. This attitude creates an unbridgeable gulf between our world and his own.

But there are other and even more serious obstacles to the penetration of China by our Western modes of thought. Contempt for money, as an end in itself, is accompanied by utter indifference to power. Ambition, except the ambition for the daily comforts and joys of life, is something a Chinaman seldom knows. He receives no satisfaction from ruling others, from making men do his bidding; and con-

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sequently, to his contempt for money is added a still deeper contempt for politics. Contempt? A better word would be immeasurable aloofness, utter ignorance. Everyone knows — all the world is talking of it — that the Chinese despise whatever relates to military life. China's armies, for every general has his own, are composed of a microscopic fraction of the total male population. They are the clients or personal followers of their leader. The militarization of China is impossible. But I believe that the Chinaman's aversion to politics is even greater than his aversion to fighting. To be sure, there are politicians and political groups in that country, but these politicians and groups are but an infinitesimal part of the nation. Suppose we assume — for we have no statistics to guide us — that two million Chinese are either active in public life or interested in its events; what are they compared with the four hundred million who are not only indifferent to politics, but are practically unaware of its existence? We can hardly comprehend what this means, because it is a condition so utterly different from our own. A Chinaman is not merely uninterested in public life, for that would assume that he knew something about that life. The truth is he does not. It is something that never enters his head. Republic or empire at Peking? The names of the members of the cabinet, of the viceroys, and even of the local officials of his own province? Political rivalries and platforms and systems? They are more than Greek to him. He does not even know to whom and for what he pays taxes. His only civic reaction is to let things take their course in peace. Setting-up of new forms of government, turning out ministries, political debates, negotiations and treaties with other countries, do not occupy one moment of the thoughts, or affect in any way whatsoever the life of practically the whole of China.

This state of mind, unique among civilized nations, is the logical outcome, as I have just said, of the Chinaman's contempt for power. But it also has other causes. Political activity does not form part of the Chinaman's conception of pleasure, which is his sole pursuit. He is interested only in his local community. His rank, his place in society, whatever shelters and protects him in the possession of his pleasure, are determined entirely by a social organization which goes back for thousands of years, unaffected by the superficial transformations of the central government. So he does not trouble himself about the latter. The distant seat of authority, of which he sees but a dim and distorted outline through a thick veil of functionaries, concerns him not at all. When he seeks, as he often does, to entertain himself by conversing with his friends about subjects more transcendental than nature, art, and material pleasures, politics is not lofty enough to satisfy him. He prefers to discourse of the gods, of his ancestors, and of ancient legends. So we shall have a difficult time, indeed, persuading the Chinese to share our interest in politics.

But may we not be able at least to modify the economic organization of China and to inspire her people with our avarice, and with the appetites of pseudo-civilization that sharpen our greed? For that is what we Westerners chiefly have in mind, even when we preach the integrity and independence of China, and profess to offer our most disinterested services to that country. Certainly that would be a tempting enterprise. What other region of the earth offers to the promoters of corporations and to individual investors such bountiful raw materials, such cheap labor, and such a boundless market!

In my opinion, however, economic

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exploitation of China, of which so many nations are dreaming, is likewise a mirage. It can succeed only to the degree that the Chinese permit, and their profound sense of reality will not allow them to grant this permission except so far as it serves their own purposes and contributes to their own happiness. They have tolerated the construction of railways in certain districts, for they are too intelligent to reject indiscriminately everything which the Western world has to offer. They may allow some mines to be opened. But when I watch the gleaming eyes of yellow and white capitalists devouring China with their greedy regard, I recall a significant episode which I chanced to witness. China uses vast quantities of timber for its houses, junks, and temples. This is all manufactured locally by hand sawyers. A big corporation — financed by Americans, if I recall rightly — fancied that it could reap a golden harvest by erecting great sawmills to supply that market. So it invested several millions in such establishments at different points in the country. Within two years, all had to shut down, beaten in competition by the hand sawyers. Is not that a curious, unexpected, and yet very suggestive incident? How shall we explain it? First, there were economic reasons. A Chinaman will work for incredibly low wages. The big mills, burdened as they were with high expenses at every turn, could not compete. But there were also powerful moral factors in this surprising outcome. First was tradition, which it is almost impossible to overcome in China. This makes the people distrustful of innovations until they are proved to be advantageous to themselves, and that is rarely the case. Then there was a sentiment of national solidarity, which makes a Chinaman patronize a man of his own blood before he does a stranger. I will use another illustration to show how far this sense of unity goes. At Manila, many years ago, the only public vehicles were little carriages called *carromatas*. They are not excessively expensive, but their charges are, none the less, rather high for the Far East. A company of promoters thought it could make a fortune by importing rickshaws from China, and Chinamen to pull them. Physical strength and experience are required of a rickshaw man. However, the rich Chinese bankers and merchants at Manila disliked the idea of seeing their fellow countrymen pull white men around the city where they lived. So they approached the imported Chinese rickshaw men as soon as they arrived, took them in charge, and supported them until they could be sent back to China.

I knew of another occasion where a native foreman was discharged by a cement factory in Hongkong. The laborers took his side and struck. It was a little, local quarrel, not involving any but workingmen. Nevertheless, by those mysterious channels so common in the Orient, the report of this strike at once spread throughout a territory larger than all France, and when the proprietors of the works tried to recruit a new set of employees, they could not find a single man, even among the most distressed and indigent of the province, who would take the place of his compatriots.

One is forced to recognize the power of such a sentiment and to wonder how China's enthusiastic 'protectors' are going to destroy it — for it must be destroyed before imported Western industry will be secure. Nor is it a very elevating task to ruin what is at bottom a noble human sentiment. It will not be easy to accomplish. In the first place, the people of China are very resolute, and their peculiar kind of patriotism is an almost impenetrable defensive ar-

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mor. These four hundred million people do include several races; but is n't that true of nearly every country? There is a deeper unity common to them all; but the unity of China is exceptional.

It is useless to hope to range Buddhist against Mohammedan as in India. The same ethics, the same philosophy of life, the same religious doctrines are common to all the members of China's human ant heap.

GERMANY'S CREDIT RATING

A SCANDINAVIAN ESTIMATE

[*The article which follows is a translation of a report made to the* Svensk Handelstidning *by a special representative whom that commercial journal sent to Germany to investigate the real situation from an unbiased standpoint, in view of the highly conflicting opinions expressed by German and Entente experts as to the extent of the present financial chaos in that country.*]

From the *Economic Review of the Foreign Press, December* 30
(British European-Press Summary)

The predominant note of the situation is the absolute failure of the German Government or any of its predecessors to produce a serious, coherent economic policy. In order to shield itself from the accusation of incompetence to keep down rising prices, the Government has used every means to foster the belief that the high prices are the fault of middlemen and *Valutaschweine:* that is, tourists who came to the country armed with foreign currencies at a high premium, and prepared to pay any prices, so long as they can still make a profit on the exchange. The present harsh treatment of tourists in Germany and the multiple restrictions imposed on them are chiefly designed to persuade the German people that the foreigner, and not the Home Government, is responsible for the present chaos. Actually, it is unthinkable that some 100,000 travelers, in a country of over 60 million inhabitants, could force up prices to any great extent.

Germany's peril is greatly increased by the dishonesty of its press, and popular leaders, who point to absence of unemployment and rising wages, implying that these counterbalance the evils of rising prices and inflation. The German worker's passivity and his inability to protest against his ever-completer exploitation as the price curve sweeps continually higher than the wage curve, play into the hands of interested persons. Even in economically intelligent circles, the gravity of the situation is little appreciated. War psychology and the voicelessness of the individual entailed by it still reign supreme. But, above all, under the influence of exaggerated reparations demands, the conviction has gradually gained ground that whatever difficulties Germany gets into, it is the Entente which will have to pay for its own foolishness. This is made the excuse for continuing the present *laissez-aller* policy.

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Unfortunately for Germany, she has no serious theoretical economists to protest against this opportunist policy. Before the war, German, unlike English economists, were isolated from all contact with practical finance. They were obliged either to range themselves among the defenders of the official protectionist policy, or else to specialize on outlying subjects, such as sociology, or insurance. Since 1918 there has been nobody, with the doubtful exception of Erzberger, who has propounded any policy, other than a haphazard taxation dictated by political considerations.

It may be granted that the London Conference reparations demands were beyond Germany's possibility to pay, in view of the large payments in kind, and the cost of the occupation, which were not included therein. On the other hand, the first reparations payment was not made until this year. Yet already, in 1919, the German budget showed an expenditure of seventy-nine billion marks against seventeen billion marks receipts, while the deficit for 1920 was eighty-three billion marks. These deficits largely represent compensation paid to individuals evicted from property under the Treaty of Versailles. While the State's moral obligation to pay such compensation is indisputable, this could have been done gradually, beginning with the barest minimum payments, instead of, as was actually the case, with a lavish issue of paper marks. Food subventions and State support of industry have also been granted on a wholly unnecessary scale. It can then fairly be said that even had no reparations been demanded or paid, inflation this year would have been enormous.

The bank-note printing industry has attained colossal dimensions, and the mere expense of printing has become so considerable that, for economy's sake, large orders have been placed in Vienna. In the week Nov. 23–30 no less than 780 million marks *per diem* were printed. The prime cause of this inflation is not reparations payments. A vicious circle begins with increased prices, leading to increased wages, increased cost of production, increased call for credit, and this entails fresh note issues, which, of course, drive up prices anew.

The present inflation can be traced past the present crisis, past the collapse of the Central Powers, to their war-time financial policy. What is the true meaning of this inflation? Its true meaning, to the trained eye easily discernible behind a thin veil of false prosperity, is a plundering of the country's real wealth. Much emphasis has been laid abroad on the German Government's cheap method of paying for its imports by the losses incurred by speculators in marks. That these losses have been considerable is not to be doubted. But on the other hand, foreign holders of marks have to a vast extent availed themselves of them, to purchase at prices far below even the German cost price, not only goods, but business concerns, factories, even whole industries. Germany's imports of raw material have been paid for, not only with 'scraps of paper,' but also with the alienation of her natural wealth, the deterioration of her producing machinery, and the suffering of her human workers.

Germany's accumulated adverse trade balance for the war years amounts to ten billion gold marks ($2,500,000,000). In 1919 her trade deficit was over thirty billion paper marks and in 1920, about fifty-two billions. Add twelve and a half billions for export of foreign money and securities, and about thirty billions for freightage on foreign shipping, the total of these deficits may be put at 130–140 billion paper marks. How are they balanced? Some thirty billions in German notes are held abroad, including nine

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billions by the French and Belgian Governments from occupied districts; thirty billions represent foreign bank credits, and fifteen to twenty billions other credits. *The remaining fifty billions must have been invested in the purchase of German real wealth, property, shares, industries.* These purchases were extremely profitable, as the price of city property has only tripled, and that of country property sextupled since normal times. It is, then, indisputable that the loss in the mark's value has been met by the pauperization of the German people.

A glance at industry shows that to the present false prosperity corresponds a reckless wastage of producing apparatus and human workers' well-being. An English expert recently declared Germany's present iron production to be inexplicable, in view of the German workers' decreased staying power, as demonstrated by statistics. In the factories, productive machinery has not been renewed for years. An examination of the books of great firms will show that, reckoned in gold marks, the expenditure on repairs and renewals represents the merest fraction of the figure for before the war. It is utterly false to say that Germany's productive wealth remains intact. The present 'valuta-dumping' means simply selling below cost prices, by doing violence to the means of production.

The following table shows the prices of certain important goods in Germany in July 1914 and Nov. 1921, expressed in dollars: —

	July 1914	Nov. 1921 (mean)
German wheat	5.00	3.00
" rye	4.15	2.25
" butter	0.25	0.16
Zinc, 100 kg.	10.90	10.50
Wool yarns	0.46	0.50
Pig-iron, 1 t.	21.20	6.50
Bar-iron 1 t.	24.00	24.20
Steam coal (Ruhr)	3.20	2.00
Gold (8 grm. = 20 mk.)	4.76	3.27

($1 = (1914) Mk.4.20, (1921, Nov.) Mk. 260)

Expressed in dollars nearly all these prices are lower than before the war. Yet even the dollar has lost 30 per cent of its purchasing power! Gold itself is cheaper in Germany now than before the war.

Germany's losses through deterioration are enormous. Even more serious is the loss represented by underfeeding of the workers, decline of the health standard and huge decrease of the marriage rate. With the idea of 'keeping up the people's spirits,' these topics, which before the fixing of the indemnity were frequently discussed, are now very seldom touched upon by the press.

Most alarming is the declined standard in German business methods. This is tolerated by foreigners who count on realizing such profits on the goods actually delivered, that they can overlook those which fail to turn up. One who expects fifty per cent or one hundred per cent profit on goods delivered will not protest if a part of the goods is found, after long delays, to have been sold to another firm. The false boom has led to the disorderly conclusion of numerous shortsighted deals.

The numerically small class which the Entente regards as specially responsible for the war, and which was intended to pay the indemnities, has availed itself of inflation to register huge gains. These it has not invested in such a way as to further the nation's prosperity, but has either indulged in wanton expenditure or invested it safely outside the country, in Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, or Denmark.

Thus, in so far as the reparations demands have furthered inflation, their net result has been the violent plunder of Germany's industries, the exploiting of her natural wealth and human labor, by the disloyal section of her industry and business men. The remainder of the German population has suffered correspondingly, the only doubtful

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point being whether the cultured classes or the workers have suffered more.

The Entente's policy has been blind in so far as it has permitted an attempt to pay reparations by inflation, so precipitating a crisis which now absolutely necessitates the concession of a moratorium. But this will not alone save the situation: what is needed is a radical and scientific system of taxation.

Not unnaturally, German industry shrinks from the idea of a radical return to financial stability by deflation, or even by an attempt to consolidate the mark's present value. Such a policy would hit hard the concerns which have been flourishing lately.

Instead of looking facts in the face, the German industrials, and with them the general public, prefer to comfort themselves with rosy dreams of future hopes for German industry and production through such various channels as Russia, England, France, and America. There are now recognized eastward- and westward-looking schools of thought, headed by such men as Rathenau and Georg Bernhard. Other panaceas beloved by the popular mind are Stinnes's 'Horizontal organization of production,' and the *Deutsches Konzern* project, which the writer describes as a 'kind of Joint-Stock Fatherland Company, with a share capital of fifty million gold marks.' Such projects may be admirable in their way; what the German will not see is that before they can be even considered by Western economic circles, there must be a stop to inflation, a balanced budget and a reduction of State expenditure. The fact that, were the currency to be consolidated at about its present value, the Reich's internal debts, especially war loans, would represent only a small fraction of its liabilities, should make this process easier.

Have not statistics, not only of German origin, but also those emanating from the League of Nations, shown that German subjects already pay out thirty, forty, or even fifty per cent of their income as taxes? The Brussels Conference memorandum gives the average German's income as 3900 marks, while State taxation per head is 2687 marks. The fallacy here is obvious. Between the two calculations, the value of the mark had suffered an enormous decrease. Not less fallacious, however, is the attempt of English and French economists to reckon Germany's taxation at the rate of exchange for some particular day, and then to show how favorably it compares with that of England or France. All that such calculations can hope to demonstrate is the futility of statistics at the present juncture.

The calculation of the average German's income at 3900 marks per annum contains probably some items reckoned even in gold marks, as, for instance, agricultural property, whose valuation for taxation purposes has not nearly increased in proportion to the increase in the prices of its products. This is practically recognized by Wirth in his *Erfassung der Geldwerte* programme, in which he proposes vastly to augment the taxation of city and country property, and industrial means of production, in view of their comparative immunity from depreciation as compared with the assets of the wage, or income-earning section of the population. But this programme is resisted by very powerful elements, and has not yet got beyond the paper stage.

It is evident, however, that taxation based on the value of the mark a year ago is hopelessly ineffective to-day. Taxpayers are thereby automatically remitted fifty, sixty, or seventy per cent of their payment. It is certain that a wealthy German is much less harder hit by taxation than would seem from statistics; but probably the opposite is

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true of the small taxpayer for two reasons. (1) The tax-free minimums have not been raised proportionally with the mark's fall; so that if an income representing the same real wealth has nominally trebled, the proportion of his income which goes tax free is really reduced by two thirds. (2) In deference to the French member of the Reparations Commission, a vast and ill-organized system of indirect taxation has been imposed. The fact that German goods are sold abroad at such artificially low prices demonstrates that industry is taxed at a rate so low as to correspond really to the granting of an export premium to exporters. The argument is often adduced that even though industry could meet higher taxation by raising its prices, yet unemployment would follow, as markets would be lost. In other words, a preferential treatment is demanded for German industry to save it from competition and to ensure it full markets, while the industries of other neutral countries are so placed that one third of their workers cannot find employment.

At all events, the crisis which might ensue upon deflation, and the stabilization of the mark, could not be worse than that which must occur, if the mark should depreciate to a point where it had no real value. If low prices are now the *only* attraction of German goods, so that foreign countries trading with Germany demand an enormous margin between their own and Germany's prices, which they do not demand in the case of any other country they trade with, this means that Germany's business morale is so deteriorated that she cannot get customers, except at a price premium. The remedy for this would be a restored standard of business. Germany would then be in a position to obtain markets on equal terms with any other low-currencied country, and without adventitious aids.

It would be an immense relief, not only to Germany, but to Europe at large, if the reparations demands could be brought down to a more reasonable figure. Germany would thereby be deprived of her present excuse for failing to take any serious steps to deal with the situation. The Allied outcry against Germany's inflation and 'valuta-dumping' would then carry a moral weight which it does not do now. The Allies must, however, take account in their dealings with Germany of the essential weakness of any Government that has to face strong opposition from the powerful moneyed classes. To stop inflation, to reorganize and rationalize taxation, and to stabilize the mark, are at the same time difficult and absolutely necessary.

As a word of comfort to Germany, in all schemes for the reconstruction of Europe, Germany's coöperation is assumed, even by her bitterest enemies, to be indispensable. When the Russian ruble stood where the German mark now stands, Europe had lost all confidence in Russia, and had to make up her mind to get on without her; the different attitude observed toward Germany implies fundamentally that Europe believes in Germany's power and will to right herself, even though the process must be very long and painful. Meanwhile, nothing but harm can result from turning a blind eye to the menace lurking behind the appearance of order and prosperity in Germany's present-day life.

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THE DECEPTIVE DEMISE OF CHENG KI PING

BY CHARLES PETTIT

From *La Revue Bleue, October 15 to December 3*
(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BI-MONTHLY)

HIS EXCELLENCY, the *taotai* of the city, had ordered his finest litter to go at full speed to the old mandarin Cheng Ki Ping, chief of the literati of the province. For that distinguished man threatened to become a nuisance. He had already had a good many illnesses which had sadly disturbed his friends, and before that fine intelligence wholly flickered out, the taotai sought to render him one final act of homage.

Yet this visit was not altogether disinterested. Cheng Ki Ping was the owner of a magnificent coffin which the taotai greatly coveted. It was a veritable masterpiece, this coffin, a marvel, as far beyond imitation as was the distinguished artist, long since dead, whose handiwork it was. The taotai was in high hope of finding old Cheng Ki Ping in such a deplorable state of health that he could persuade him without too much difficulty to hand over his own coffin in return for another, richer and more ornate in appearance, but in not quite such good taste.

The choice of a coffin, in fact, is a matter of prime importance in this world below, to every Chinese worthy of the name. It is of particular significance, because generations to come will venerate his memory through all the centuries, and will bow before his coffin reposing majestically among those of his ancestors.

But when he had reached the *yamen*, (the palace and its surroundings) the taotai experienced a bitter disappointment. It was not that he lacked all the honor due his rank, for bombs without number exploded in perfect unison when his litter reached the first court of entrance, and a double row of servants, humbly prostrate, offered him their respectful services with all possible courtesy. But the taotai observed with regret that Cheng Ki Ping was still well enough to receive his visitor according to all the best rules of etiquette. Though he was almost broken by his disease, frail and trembling with age, the dean of the literati seemed still to have retained the greater part of his intelligence. He awaited his noble visitor upon a small balcony in front of the great doorway through which one approached the state hall of his yamen, and there, without making a single mistake, he executed the thousand bows and kneelings and genuflections required by the rites of Chinese etiquette. Shaking his fists on a level with his bowed forehead, he still made a creditable appearance as he loosened the great sleeves of his ceremonial robe for his ritual salute.

Concealing his disappointment, the taotai took his seat in the great hall of honor in company with his host. Eager servants, according to the usage of classic times, brought bowls of fine porcelain filled with fragrant tea, which, however, politeness forbade the guest to touch before the conclusion of his visit; discreetly the servants disappeared and the taotai found himself alone with old Cheng Ki Ping.

After an exchange of the usual banalities required by usage, the taotai adroitly led the conversation to death, a

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topic in which Cheng Ki Ping, always a lover of profound subjects, took great delight. The taotai amiably proffered his congratulations to Cheng Ki Ping upon his great age, which is the most delicate compliment that one can render in China, and with much eloquence he set himself to describing the superb pomp of the funeral of a dean of literati. In acknowledgment old Cheng Ki Ping, with a gracious smile, uncovered the two long yellowed teeth that still ornamented his venerable mouth, and between his wrinkled eyelids his little black eyes took on a playful expression. The taotai was showing his friendly disposition in conversing so flatteringly upon Cheng Ki Ping's approaching demise, and the old scholar continued to simper as he returned his humble thanks.

But for all that, the taotai cast a glance of envy upon the magnificent coffin which occupied a place of honor in this reception room. Set up in full view against the wall, it spread out its splendor between two great red panels on which, in beautiful black characters, one could read various philosophic maxims, the work of Cheng Ki Ping's own brush. As a matter of fact, the coffin already rivaled the fame of its distinguished owner. For a long time it had been the admiration of all visitors, and it had aroused many a secret jealousy besides that of the taotai. Made from massive wood of the rarest grain, it was ornamented with sculpture of vigorous originality by a master artist of the earlier days. Upon its lid a fabulous dragon, battling against tempestuous waves, sought to reach the globe of the sun in order to engulf it in his sinister and menacing maw, and on the sides were funereal symbols framing philosophic sentences and calling powerfully to mind the mysteries of the beyond and the shades of ancestors. To possess such a coffin glorified in advance him who would have the magnificent privilege of resting in it for eternity. Cheng Ki Ping took a proper pride in his coffin.

In a voice that slightly betrayed his feeling, the taotai ventured to remark: 'Your coffin is of exquisite beauty. It is in charming taste and of rare artistic distinction.' Cheng Ki Ping bowed low, accepting with satisfaction the compliments addressed to his coffin. The taotai continued slowly: 'And yet I believe, in spite of its high artistic value, it is not yet possessed of all the beauty that it might have.' Then turning in a friendly fashion to Cheng Ki Ping, he added: 'What would you say to a coffin still more magnificent, with great silver nails, incrusted with gold and precious stones.'

'Peuh!' said the old scholar with a hint of disdain. 'I should not care to possess a coffin of such gorgeous appearance. I prefer a certain restraint in richness; and I like my coffin as it is.' Then he added: 'And besides, I hold my coffin as dear as if it had a soul. It is like an old friend who recalls precious memories to me. The mere look of it has often consoled me for the trials of life. It has always been a comfort. In all my travel it has followed me and not a day of my life has passed without my seeing it. In short, Your Excellency, that coffin is the one thing I value most in the world — and after all, my feeling is very natural.'

As he pronounced this eulogy of his coffin Cheng Ki Ping had an air of such sincere emotion that the taotai understood he could insist no further, and yet once more he spoke. 'To prove to you the high esteem in which the government holds you, worthy Cheng Ki Ping, and at the same time to assure you of my respect and friendship, I should have been happy to offer you an official coffin, sumptuous enough to be worthy of your genius.'

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Startled and distrustful, old Cheng Ki Ping cast a glance at him in which there was no trace of amity. He was not to be hoodwinked by so stupid a bargain, and he felt rise in his breast a great displeasure against the taotai, for having dared to make such a proposal. Heaving a last hypocritical sigh, the taotai added, 'I must bow before your modesty. Yet, distinguished scholar, believe that I feel a great regret.'

'I do not doubt it, Your Excellency,' replied old Cheng Ki Ping, with politely dissembled irony.

The sad conviction came over the taotai that it was useless to prolong a painful interview which could only end in his own discomfiture. To indicate that the visit was at an end he touched the bowl of tea with his lips, and then after a thousand protestations of friendship, of respect, and of devotion, he withdrew, his heart filled with chagrin. Cheng Ki Ping on his part cherished resentment against the taotai for the unscrupulous trick that he had tried to play, and thus those two eminent persons took ceremonious leave one of another, each cherishing the most unfriendly feelings toward his companion — as is natural enough for two men of rank who respect one another, but who covet the same coffin in which to receive the worship of future generations.

After numerous false alarms, the venerable Cheng Ki Ping made up his mind at last to join his ancestors — so, at any rate, the great physician who attended him announced. This honest man — according to the Chinese custom, whereby a medical man receives his fees only so long as his patient remains in good health — had nothing to hope for himself, but he continued his ministrations because he was perfectly conscious of the prominence of his position. At the very moment when the doctor had at last announced the sad news, Cheng Ki Ping, with desolating persistence, continued to protest by feeble sighs against the physician's diagnosis; but late that evening the distinguished patient seemed at last sincere in his desire to quit the earth — which was a great comfort to the distinguished physician, who had already, with regrettable imprudence, announced the news to the whole city!

The ritual sentences and the words of condolence prescribed by convention, were exchanged, and then the professional mourning women were summoned. They had long been waiting in an antechamber and distracting themselves merrily enough, by nibbling watermelon seeds, until the time for their official lamentations should come; but at the very first summons they speedily resumed their mien of affliction. Dressed all in white, the color of mourning, they came graciously forward, shuffling because of their little, wrapped feet and groaning together harmoniously enough.

Piously, Cheng Ki Fou, the eldest son of the great scholar, reared the altar of his ancestors. On plaques of red wood, written in gold characters, one might read the merits of all the house of Cheng, and an incense burner gave off delicate odors, savory, no doubt, as their virtues. Stretched on his little platform between the altar of his ancestors and his own magnificent coffin, Cheng Ki Ping lay in state with an air truly grand. Beside him, a last rite conforming to the thousand rules prescribed by Confucius, a bowl of rice was placed, in which were three chopsticks, veritable objects of art in themselves. Between them were placed the two eggs of tradition. Finally, beneath the platform the great funeral lamp was lighted and the chamber, thus illumined, took on a strange and solemn air. The spirits of the ancestors could

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float in the propitious shadow above the platform.

Informed by the bereaved family of the decease of Cheng Ki Ping, the taotai came in state to render last official honors at the home of the illustrious scholar. Heralds-at-arms preceded his cortège, shouting at the tops of their voices, 'Room for His Excellency the taotai, who condescends to traverse his city!' In this fashion and with much tumult, His Excellency arrived in the court of honor of the yamen of Cheng Ki Ping, where he prostrated himself times without number, as the rites require, before the platform on which reposed Cheng Ki Ping in his ceremonial robes. Then he began to address the compliments of condolence to Cheng Ki Fou, who was still watching over his father. The taotai pronounced these accustomed formulas with apparent gravity but his spirit was distracted, for it seemed to him that Cheng Ki Ping was not really dead at all, but that he lay there listening with his accustomed irony. What contributed most to this disagreeable illusion was one of Cheng Ki Ping's little eyes, which from beneath half-closed lids seemed to direct a sarcastic glance toward him. Greatly disturbed, the taotai bent over the shadowy platform, under pretext of admiring for the last time the features of the venerated scholar. A swift inspection reassured him. The features remained immovable. Undoubtedly, he had been deceived by the shifting light of the funeral lamp placed beneath the platform, whose glimmer had helped to give the appearance of life to Cheng Ki Ping.

Hope rekindled its sparks in his heart and he took aside the young man, whose affliction seemed to be sincere, even though he had just fallen heir to a large fortune and the renown of his venerable father. With all possible formality, the taotai began: 'I wish to bring a slight consolation to your incalculable sorrow. One of my greatest regrets, which you must share, is to think that your father's coffin, although proper and beautiful, is by no means so magnificent as it should be to comport with his genius. Certainly, the illustrious Cheng Ki Ping was so modest that he would have preferred not to let his dazzling renown be displayed. But it is for me, the taotai, to repair this too obvious injustice. You will be relieved to know that I have had brought to you a coffin that is genuinely worthy of your illustrious father, a sumptuous and magnificent work of art, I assure you, with silver nails and incrustations of gold and precious stones.'

The taotai waited for a reply with an obvious emotion that deeply touched Cheng Ki Fou, who was unsuspiciously grateful for His Excellency's kindness. Yet with pious scruples, he remarked: 'Would it not be well to consult my father's spirit?' and the taotai, secretly enchanted at the prospect, responded: 'A scruple that does you honor! You are right. We must assemble the bonzes that they may deliberate upon this subject.'

He bade Cheng Ki Ping to follow him, and was hastening to convoke the holy men that he might explain to them the delicacy of the question they were to decide, when, amidst great uproar and followed by a horde of soldiers, the Tartar grand marshal of the province appeared. For though not invited, he had thrust himself forward, presumptuous and barbarous, among the literati and philosophers. The sight of this vulgar and untutored warrior had on all too many other occasions afflicted the cultured soul of the taotai, but on this occasion he seemed a precious aid, sent by Heaven itself. Bowing courteously, therefore, the taotai besought the marshal to accompany him in his consultation of the bonzes, an offer

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which that illustrious soldier accepted with enthusiasm, since it gave him not only the pleasure of assuming high position at a fine ceremony, but also of proving to these ridiculous literati, poets, and philosophers, that a soldier, too, was good for something at a serious ceremony.

In a few clever and courteous words, the taotai explained to the bonzes the new service for which he required their pious revelations, and then — feeling quite sure in advance what it would be — he gravely awaited the divine response. Bolt upright beside the taotai stood the Tartar marshal, exulting in such a mark of favor and showing, for once, what the taotai regarded as a good deal of tact, even though the worthy soldier was quite unconscious of it!

When the bonzes had finished their mysterious consultations, they revealed, amid the respectful silence of the whole assembly, the most remarkable thing in the world. It appeared, by a strange coincidence, that the spirit of Cheng Ki Ping himself, had miraculously manifested itself in order to demand a new coffin, one more worthy of his rank, for which, through modesty, he had not dared ask while in this world below. At this revelation that taotai was reduced to tears.

'Poor, dear, and great friend!' he groaned unctuously, and with the air of a generous man, he sent coolies to fetch his own coffin, to take the place of Cheng Ki Ping's, which he declared he would use himself, out of deference to the genius of the philosopher. Upon the sensational announcement of this touching exchange of coffins, a murmur of respectful approval ran through the assembly, while the Tartar grand marshal felt it proper to applaud both the bonzes and the taotai uproariously. Roused by this military example, everyone found it necessary to go into ecstasies over the divinatory skill of the bonzes and the generosity of the taotai. Only those of a more cynical disposition contented themselves by admiring in their inner hearts the union of the clergy with the civil and military authorities.

In the great reception hall of the yamen, Cheng Ki Fou gave a magnificent funeral feast in honor of the spirit of his venerable father, the philosopher Cheng Ki Ping. The guests were seated in order of precedence about an immense table, loaded with the finest china and the rarest delicacies. In the centre, at the place of honor, the taotai overwhelmed with his majesty the other guests. The extreme end of the table was given to the Tartar marshal, with two of his military mandarins. The family could not avoid the painful necessity of inviting him, though he had been relegated to the table's foot in the hope that his inevitable blunders would not be noticed. But as a matter of fact the Tartar marshal was a military man who concerned himself very little with questions of precedence when he banqueted. He felt no disturbance over the lowly place he occupied, but he fixed a greedy eye upon the hundreds of little plates that covered the table, by way of *hors d'œuvre*. Scarcely had the guests found their seats, when in violation of all the rules of courtesy laid down by Confucius, he stretched out a large and powerful hand to draw most of the little plates to his own side.

Cheng Ki Fou, as the oldest son, was charged with the duty of replying to the compliments that were to be addressed to his father, Cheng Ki Ping, as if he were there in person. The place of that illustrious scholar had been kept empty, next that of the taotai; and before that empty place, where the customary chopsticks and saucers stood as usual, all the dishes of the feast were presented by the servants with due ceremony, as

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if to the imaginary shade of Cheng Ki Ping. It was his spirit, too, to which the speakers bowed at the beginning of each new address, and the servants bowed to it each time they entered the hall with a new course. So it was that the spirit of Cheng Ki Ping presided, according to the most holy traditions, at his own funeral banquet.

Meantime, the conversation began according to the rules of a meticulous etiquette. During the first course it was confined to the most banal and conventional subjects — the wind, the rain, the weather, and other commonplaces, so that the most timid, most stupid, or least-educated guest might have the pleasure of a word in it. The Tartar grand marshal should have been sensible of this delicate attention, but as a matter of fact he paid no heed to it at all, being too much occupied with stuffing himself in the most barbarous fashion. From time to time he emitted clucks to draw the attention of the servants, and ceaselessly held out to them his cup to be refilled with rice spirits perfumed with roses, for which he had a special fondness. This potation bore the ancient name, 'liquor of the academicians' — but that meant nothing at all to the Tartar marshal, and by the time the second course arrived, he began to be slightly drunk, a fortunate circumstance, for it saved him the trouble of trying to understand the distinguished conversation that followed the banalities of the feast's beginning.

At length a file of servants, moving with rhythmic pace, entered the festal hall, bearing eight enormous platters ceremoniously upon their arms. Approaching the empty seat of their late master, they bowed respectfully, as if presenting to him the culinary masterpieces which, however, courtesy required that all the guests should decline; for politeness demanded that they should now be replete and ready to attend to the funeral discourse which the taotai was about to begin. That sublime functionary had already risen and was shaking out the great sleeves of his ceremonial robe, in order to display their splendor. It was a solemn moment.

Suddenly a bellow burst out at the foot of the table. The Tartar marshal, forgetful of all rites, had pulled himself to his feet, and, steadying his drunkenness upon the table at the imminent risk of its collapse, was pointing with a joyous forefinger to the eight great ceremonial dishes. In a resounding voice he enumerated their contents: 'Purée of sharks' fins! Turtles' eggs in bamboo hearts! Swallows' nests from Annam! Sea caterpillars with black beards!' At the mere mention of the fifth dish he choked, an incident whereof advantage was taken to induce him to sit down again, and — though it was contrary to the rites — to fill with food numerous plates before him, in order to keep him quiet.

Once this painful incident was over, the taotai, though still shaking with wrath, began his speech, and the others discreetly took the positions most compatible with peaceful digestion and the impression of intense attention.

Meantime Cheng Ki Ping continued to repose with dignity upon his platform, between the altar of his ancestors and his new coffin. One old concubine, the favorite of the old scholar's youthful days, had been assigned to the duty of watching him, for Madame Cheng Ki Ping, his old legitimate wife, under the pretext that her prodigious sorrow exhausted her, had retired to her own apartments, where she privately proposed to spend a very comfortable night. Alone in the chamber where the ancestral spirits were obviously floating, the old concubine, too, seemed to

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feel the old man regarding her as if he were still in life. In terror, she kneeled before the altar of the ancestors and fell to supplicating their pardon, if ever she had failed to be the devoted slave of the old scholar. Then, as nothing extraordinary happened and silence reigned still, she felt more reassured. Leaving off her prayers, she seated herself on a little stool at the feet of her master. The air, surcharged with incense, predisposed to slumber. Soon, in defiance of all the conventions, the preferred, the favorite, of other days, gave vent to the frightful little snores of an old woman, exhausted and asleep.

Now, by a curious coincidence, at that very moment Cheng Ki Ping stirred slightly his wrinkled eyelids. That worthy man was coming back to life, greatly to the future confusion of the eminent physician who had, with so much conviction, declared him dead. Soon a slight breath passed through his pale lips. His heart began to beat feebly, like the pendulum of an old clock, after it has been stopped; and the lucidity of his mind returned entirely. The first question that occurred to Cheng Ki Ping's mind was, why his soft bed had been exchanged for a plank that made his poor old back ache so abominably. Curious to unravel this mystery, Cheng Ki Ping sat up, and at once he understood. He was lying upon the traditional platform in beautiful new ceremonial robes.

'What a fool that doctor is!' he murmured ironically. 'I have had such syncopes before. He really ought to be more cautious.' Then he fell peacefully to inspecting the ceremonial decorations. He observed with pleasure the bowl of rice with the three chopsticks and the two eggs.

'There is a detail that conforms to the rites,' he murmured happily. The great white draperies on the walls also received his approbation and he admired the effect of the night lamp placed beneath his platform. The thousand other details of etiquette, which had been solicitously observed, filled him with satisfaction, and when he glanced toward the altar of his ancestors, he thanked their spirits for having so well inspired his family. One thing alone puzzled him — that no one was watching in the room, a truly culpable piece of negligence. But soon he perceived that the rumbling which he had at first taken for the purring of his old cat was really too disgraceful to be of feline origin, and bending over the edge of his platform, he perceived the old concubine, for whom in other days he had had such tender sentiments, peacefully sleeping instead of watching him.

'Women!' he thought, with sadness but without astonishment. 'How little importance one can attach to their little brains!' In contempt he refrained from waking the poor creature, even though it would have given him the satisfaction of overwhelming her with confusion and, what is more, with terror. He contented himself with climbing down from his platform, making as little noise as he could. His first thought was for his coffin. He could not see well from the platform, for from it this important article of furniture was obscured by shadows. He walked toward the well-beloved object, with eyes rejoicing in anticipation. Alas! What an abomination! Overcome with indignation, Cheng Ki Ping could hardly bring himself to believe that they would have robbed him of his coffin. To be sure, another stood in its place, rich and sumptuous, with silver nails and incrustations of precious stones. But what bad taste! What misplaced ostentation! Cheng Ki Ping was filled with an immense sadness. To think that his oldest son, his family and friends, the literati, the poets, the philosophers, all

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— yes, all — should have consented to such a sacrilege!

A dull curiosity seized him. He would hasten to see what had been going on in his yamen since they thought him dead. He went first to the women's apartments, and the first thing that met his gaze was his venerable wife who, believing herself at length delivered from all the rules of etiquette, was rolled into a ball in scandalous dishabille under a good warm coverlet, and was snoring even more disgracefully than the favorite concubine. Her disgraceful posture struck Cheng Ki Ping with consternation.

'So,' he thought, 'this unworthy creature is not only not plunged in the regrets that I merit, but is calmly asleep and snoring like a coolie!' One illusion the more had vanished from the soul of the celebrated scholar.

From the neighboring summerhouse came the piercing whistle of flutes and the sound of guitars plucked by long nails. Cheng Ki Ping approached carefully and beheld the professional mourning women, feasting gayly in company with the musicians. The vanity of official lamentations appeared symbolic to the soul of Cheng Ki Ping. He was attracted to another summerhouse by bursts of sonorous laughter. A joyous company of eunuchs, bonzes, taoist priests, mendicant monks, minor clergy, and other religious personages were feasting together; and in order that joy might be complete, each one was telling in turn a good story with Cheng Ki Ping as subject. His anger knew no bounds when he heard one of the bonzes tell the trick that the taotai had played on his stupid eldest son. Overcome, he fled lest he should hear further stories of himself.

Weary and exhausted, almost bent double, old Cheng Ki Ping approached the kitchens. A whole troop of busy cooks and scullions thronged about the stoves, heartily cursing Cheng Ki Ping, in whose honor they had to go to all the trouble of preparing a funeral feast. The chief cook had great difficulty in maintaining relative order by threatening them with the vengeance of the god, Ruo Chen, the genius of fire.

'Ruo Chen is probably busy getting a grill ready to roast our old master, Cheng Ki Ping, in another world,' he said. 'But look out, he can add you to his list.'

'So,' thought Cheng Ki Ping, 'I serve as a bugaboo to frighten scullions.' Yet he had at least the satisfaction of hearing the chief cook order the preparation of a delicacy which bore his name, to be served at the end of the feast, after the discourse of the taotai. It was not, in truth, the invention of Cheng Ki Ping, but he had appreciated it and improved it and had given it a literary name.

A last trial, the worst, was reserved for him. After all, what did this rabble, whom he despised, matter to him? A higher and a nobler hope remained, the opinion of his peers and of his family. With trembling steps he approached the great hall where the feast in his honor was taking place, and, standing tiptoe, applied one eye to a slight tear in the paper wall. He saw what he expected, an immense table, finely decorated, about which — in their robes of ceremony — were gathered the various political and literary dignitaries. This evidently did honor to his house.

But Cheng Ki Ping noted with sorrow how stupid his eldest son appeared and what a slight sense of affliction was manifested by his family, even though they conducted themselves with outward propriety. The other guests could scarcely conceal their yawns at the taotai's enumeration of the scholar's merits and virtues. In disgust he perceived

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the presence of the barbarous Tartar marshal.

The discourse of the taotai was drawing to a close and the interest of the guests seemed to revive when this great personage touched upon the subject of the coffin. Everyone was asking himself curiously how the orator would recall his own generosity at the same time that he was eulogizing the defunct. But to the great indignation of Cheng Ki Ping the taotai seemed not a whit disturbed at hypocritically recalling his brigandage: —

'One great consolation remains to me, Excellencies. It is that I have procured a supreme satisfaction to the eminent spirit of the genial Cheng Ki Ping. Indeed, Excellencies —'

But he never finished his sentence, for, carried away by legitimate indignation, Cheng Ki Ping burst open the very door that had been left closed in his memory, and walked forward, severe, majestic, in his ceremonial robes. At sight of him a shudder went through the assembly. They held their breath. Their eyes almost burst from their heads; and Cheng Ki Fou, the oldest son, thought it well to disappear, which did not help explanations.

Confused and perplexed, the taotai sank into his chair and sat there, his arms dangling, his mouth open, trembling as he contemplated this fantastic apparition. Mute and implacable, Cheng Ki Ping moved toward the empty place that had been kept for his ghost. With dignity and a grand serenity, he installed himself in it, as if that were the most natural thing in the world, and after draining his cup in honor of the company, he bowed to where the taotai sat, horror-struck.

'Will not His Excellency do me the favor to continue his address?' he asked politely. 'His Excellency was telling, I believe, the pleasure he had caused my spirit by means of a coffin. A story about a coffin is always agreeable.'

Amid the general confusion, only the Tartar marshal retained a surprising calm. He alone seemed to feel no astonishment at so curious a happening. The explanation was simple: being drunk, he had forgotten all about the demise of Cheng Ki Ping.

And so it was with a perfectly natural ease that he stumbled forward to greet the newcomer. He even contrived to utter a few words: 'You come late. It is too bad! The food was excellent!'

Cheng Ki Ping was touched by this mark of attention.

'I am glad to see,' he said ironically, 'that for you, at least, I was never dead.'

The grand marshal, blinking his eyes, made a great effort to understand; but he did not succeed, and so was constrained to leave appreciation of the witticism to others.

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SCENES IN A MOSCOW LABOR COURT

BY IAN OKUNEV

[*When the Soviet Government recently turned sharply from Communism to the principle of private initiative — that is, to capitalist production — new business enterprises sprang up everywhere as if by magic. The Soviets simultaneously issued decrees regulating labor conditions — wages, hours, health, sanitation, and safety arrangements in places of employment, labor insurance, and methods of hiring. Before engaging labor an employer must register, and he must secure his help through Bolshevist labor exchanges. This called for the organization of the 'Labor Court,' the first session of which is described below.*]

From Moscow *Pravda, December* 18
(Bolshevist Official Daily)

So many people came to the court that all the halls, stairways, and corners were filled to overflowing. The first three rows of chairs were occupied by the defendants. Some of them had made themselves up as proletarians, and gloomily eyed the bench where, behind a red table, the chairman and two other workingmen in felt boots were sitting as judges. Other defendants dropped only casual, indignant glances toward the bench.

Among the onlookers one notices here and there gray heads, stern, stony faces, hooked fingers rough from labor combing the ends of gray beards. Bodies are stooped forward and eyes are nailed upon the bench.

A woman. Framed in a gray kerchief is a dried-out face; the cheeks are criss-crossed with deep wrinkles; the eyes, as it were, exclaim:—

'The bosses are being prosecuted! Eh!'

A gray-clad Red Army man, tall and straight, is examining the rows of defendants with a piercing glance. He suddenly hurries closer and lets his eyes run over the faces as if for verification. He finishes his examination with a sarcastic smile on his face.

Hats, handkerchiefs, scarfs, ragged caps with pieces of white cotton showing through — under these and various other articles serving as headgear thousands of eyes are looking toward the bench. And the glances from all these eyes form as it were a single glance, serious, deep, sternly attentive.

Over the bench the golden clusters of light are turned on and this acts as a signal for the prosecutors to approach the bar. A tall scrofulous textile worker, Comrade Simbard, is searching among his papers and making notes with a thick pencil. A thin, humorous-eyed tailor-prosecutor moves his pen rapidly across the paper. A woman worker with gentle gray eyes, a woolen kerchief over her head, is whispering something into the ear of Comrade Radek, who sits in deep thought and strokes his beard with his fingers.

One after another the defendants are called before the bench. As they approach it their faces assume a more innocent look. Instead of speaking they seem to purr like good pussycats, so friendly and so innocent.

'I haven't any kind of hired help at all. We are all relatives,' smoothly states Rodionov, owner of a tea house. His voice is soft, sweet, syrupy, but under his brows are beast-like eyes.

The chairman, Comrade Smirnov,

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asks in a voice as sympathetic as that of a doctor: 'What kind of a grandma is working for you? And such an aged one! Whose mother is she? Your father's or your mother's?'

'She is a grandma, all right. We call her that. She is not a grandma either through my father or mother, but still she is a grandma.'

The chairman interposes a question: 'She being so old perhaps does not need any money, is that so?'

'Oh, no, she does n't need any. She works for a funeral.'[1]

'For whose funeral?'

'Why, for her own. She is only a dishwasher. When she dies we will bury her.' The audience laughs.

'How can you say that you have no hired help?' asks the prosecutor.

'H'm, do you consider a grandma hired help?' retorts the defendant Rodionov.

The majority of the defendants seem not to have any hired help — all are relatives.

'My brothers work with us,' declares a well-groomed lady with a monocle, the owner of a café.

'Blood brothers?' asks the chairman.

The lady clasps and unclasps her hands without answering.

'Cousins?' he asks again.

'Pretty nearly,' she declares.

'Second cousins?' the chairman attempts to define the relationship.

'Godbrothers,'[2] the lady finally blurts out.

The defendant Chekulaeva. Black kerchief, thin and oily face, full, inviting lips. She lisps.

'My brother works with me.'

'Godbrother?'

'No blood brother. He works only eight hours, just as decreed.'

'But where is your husband?'

'Employed by the government.'

'How can you two get along in your lunch room? Are you behind the cashier's desk?'

'At the cashier's desk.'

'And your brother does the cooking?'

'The cooking.'

'But who serves?'

'My husband serves.'

'But your husband is employed by the government.'

Chekulaeva plays with the ends of her kerchief and says in a low voice: 'He is not often employed by the government.'

The evidence collected in regard to Chekulaeva shows that she has hired laborers. She had stated previously to investigators that the questionnaire sent to her was signed not by her but by her brother in her name because she herself is illiterate.

The chairman suddenly puts a question: 'Can you write your name?'

'My writing is n't anything.'

'Perhaps you can write your name. It's easy. Here is the pen. Write.'

She writes her name. The chairman compares what she has written with the signature on the questionnaire.

'Is n't this your signature?'

'It looks like mine.' The defendant lowers her eyes.

The next defendant is the owner of a shoemaking shop. Shaggy head and beard. Answers unwillingly and often closes his eyes.

'No hired help. I work by myself.'

'How 's that, by yourself?'

'Why, alone, independently.'

'The investigation shows that your shop has done a large business during the past month. Did you really do all the work by yourself?'

'Yes, I did,' gloomily states the shoemaker, adding, 'Guests came from the village. They helped.'

[1] It is quite customary in Russia for very old people to continue to serve their employers without wages, but with the understanding that the employer is to bury them according to the customary standards.

[2] Persons having the same godparents.

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'That is, the guests worked for you.' The chairman emphasizes the words.

'Guests,' repeats the shoemaker. The audience bursts into a laugh.

According to these saloon keepers, owners of coffeehouses and lunch rooms, shops and bakeries, relatives are at work for all of them — brothers, sisters, fathers-in-law, uncles, grandmothers, and even godparents and guests. After witnesses have made statements it turns out that the relatives are not relatives at all, that grandmothers are not grandmothers, and that brothers are only pseudo-brothers. The three rows of defendants who were at first quiet, self-assured, are now excited and talk among themselves in low voices. Their faces have become gloomy; the well-groomed lady has wilted and her pyramidal coiffure has slid over her left ear.

The 'Coöperative Bakery' — *Boulanger*. The 'chairman of the board of directors,' whom the workers call 'boss,' and also Ivan Konstantinovich, a well-fed and well-cared-for man who is playing the 'Kazan' orphan.[1]

'Our business is a trifling one. The turnover is almost nothing.'

A witness, Morozov, an ignorant, downtrodden worker, is called.

'When the bakery was opened how much flour did you have in reserve?'

'We did n't have any, but the owners had.'

'How much?'

'Twenty barrels.'

'How much do you bake daily?'

'Nine barrels.'

'Defendant, where did the directors get the money to start your enterprise?'

'They sold their belongings.'

'Where did you work before?'

'In the quartermaster's office.'

'And the other members of your coöperative, did they work there too?'

'Oh, no. The other members are actors at the Kamer and Art theatres.'

The case of the Boulanger occupies a central place in the court proceedings. The workers, as in the other cases brought before the court, were hired outside of the labor exchanges under indefinite conditions, and when they selected one of their number to represent them before the labor union, a worker named Sorokin, the owners discharged him.

'Why did you discharge Sorokin?'

'He was drunk and violent.'

'Was he drunk at the time when you wanted to hire a night shift outside of the labor exchange and he protested against this?'

'Yes, at that time.'

Sorokin speaks of the conditions in the 'coöperative' bakery. 'The bakery was opened on November 6. It was opened with a prayer. The boss gave us all a tip. But about the conditions he said not a word. We worked a day, two days, still we were afraid to ask about wages. Each looked at the other: "You go and ask!" — "No, you go." No one dared. We called a meeting at night, unknown to the boss. I was selected. So I went to talk with him about the conditions and about the hiring of a night shift outside of the labor exchange. Well, he burst out:

'"Who the hell are you?"

'"I am a union delegate."

'"To hell with your union! You son of a gun, you! Get out of here!" And I was shown the door. I went to the chairman of the union and he asked: "Well, what is the matter with you, Sorokin?"

'"Fired!" I answered.

'"The union has received a paper signed by the workers demanding that you be discharged for drunkenness."'

The chairman of the court asks the workers who signed the paper. 'Did you write the paper?'

'No.'

[1] Symbol of the poor and weak.

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'Who gave it to you for your signature?'

'The boss, Ivan Konstantinovich.'

'Do you know whether Sorokin drinks?'

'No, we have not noticed. The boss said that Sorokin was drunk.'

Sorokin adds that the boss had proposed giving him two months' wages if he would leave him in peace, that is, had proposed bribing him.

The boss jumps from his seat and breaks out: 'Permit me to explain. I acted according to the law.'

'How 's that, according to the law?'

'I wanted to give Sorokin compensation for his discharge.'

'The law requires the advance payment of wages for two weeks, not two months.'

'Yes, yes. I acted according to the law. I thought it stipulated wages for two months.'

'Defendant Sakharov, do you employ children?'

'No, no children at all. A boy of thirteen works for me.'

'Have you the required permit for child labor?'

'Well, the boy works in the place of his sister who left for the country.'

Rodionov, owner of a tea house, states with pretended satisfaction: 'I am O. K. in every respect.'

'Did you pay the insurance for all of your people?'

'For all!'

'For grandma?'

'For grandma!'

'For your wife?'

'For my wife and myself!'

'When?'

'The day before yesterday.'

'Just before your coming to court?'

'Yes.'

Almost all the defendants had paid their insurance money and introduced time books just before coming to court.

'Citizen Kolamzin,' calls the chairman. 'How were your workers paid? According to time books?'

'At first without, later we introduced a sort of registry system, and in the near future we will have time books.'

'After the court proceedings?'

Kolamzin, embarrassed, sits down without answer.

The court asks a witness, not over three and a half feet tall, with childish face and voice: 'Where are you employed?'

'In the Zaitsev shoe shop.'

'How old are you?'

'Born in 1903; 18 years.'

'Who taught you to lie?' In appearance the boy is not over 14 years old.

'How many hours do you work?'

'According to the law — 8 hours.'

'When do you go to work?'

'At half-past ten in the morning.'

'When do you leave?'

'Nine P.M.'

'This means that you work $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours instead of 8 hours. How's that?'

The boy feels lost for a moment and then, recovering, answers: 'I work 8 hours and the rest of the time I drink tea.'

Labor inspector Belkina reports that in a large number of shops investigated by her the under-age employees work 13 to 14 hours a day. In the tea house of Rodionov the hours of labor begin at 8 A.M. and end at 11 P.M., making a 15-hour day. In the café of Dovydov, the well-groomed lady, a pregnant woman works 10 hours a day. In the shoe shop of Zaitsev there are working four boys for 10, 12, and 14 hours a day.

Justice is traditionally represented as an impartial woman with covered eyes. The judges of this court, in felt boots and rough shirts, with bruised and blistered hands, are not blind, they see things as they are with open eyes.

The impressive stillness in the court

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room, lighted by the rows upon rows of electric lights, breathes with the living spirit of justice. The bench and the audience are one.

'The employers were allowed only a slight control over the workers, and see what they are doing already!'

'Just like old times — they want to jump upon our backs again.'

'An effective warning is needed to frighten them away from such behavior!'

These are the comments heard among the audience.

THE STUPID NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY LEON DAUDET

[*The article which we print below is the author's summary of a longer article published in* La Revue Universelle *of December 15. That in turn was the introduction of a book by this able, but obstreperous, Royalist editor and deputy, which is announced to appear in the near future.*]

From *L'Action Française, December 19*
(JINGO ROYALIST DAILY)

DURING the Middle Ages the intellect of France expressed itself in an incomparable scholasticism — to which we are just beginning to get back — whose great master was Thomas Aquinas; its architecture expressed itself in our cathedrals; its public movements in the Crusades, whose personal incarnation was Jeanne d'Arc. For the heroic Maid of Orléans was truly the child of that great upwelling of martial and religious idealism.

Then came the Renaissance, personified in France by three names: Francis I, with his retinue of artists, poets, and scholars, Rabelais, and Montaigne. Though this epoch is more familiar to us than the Middle Ages, it is far from having revealed to us its secrets and heredity. For was not the rediscovery of Aristotle by Saint Thomas Aquinas the source of the Renaissance?

Then came the Reformation, with Luther and Calvin — the stultifying of European intellect by the denial of miracles, and finally the deification of instinct and brute greed. The Reformation gave birth to Rousseau at Geneva, and Kant at Königsberg. The latter wrecked Western reason by depriving it of its realist foundations through what is called transcendental criticism, and by denying a necessary correspondence between the thing and the idea, between the objective and the subjective world.

Following the Reformation came the French Revolution, inspired directly by Rousseau and the Encyclopædists. This episode covered the end of the eighteenth century and the bloody dawn of the nineteenth. Let us now examine this latter century. Its infancy and youth were between 1806 and 1815; its prime of life came in 1848; it began to show signs of age in 1870, and it was moribund from 1900 to 1914. For we must include in our sur-

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vey the interval between the gloomy and ominous Exposition of 1900 and the World War, as well as its period of incubation between the Directory and the Empire. Centuries are like people; they have both an inherited and an original element in them, an *I* and a *they*.

What did the nineteenth century in France inherit from the Middle Ages? Absolutely nothing. The nineteenth century pursued a philosophy of knowledge — that is to say, a metaphysics — without finding it. For Kantism is the enemy of knowledge, since it denies its essential mechanism, *adœquatio rei et intellectus*. The nineteenth century had no architecture, which was visible proof of its poverty of mind and of profound social discord between the creative designer and the craftsman. The nineteenth century had no popular movement, in the sense in which we use that word in speaking of the Crusades and Jeanne d'Arc. It merely had slaughter. I shall tell you why. Bonaparte was a sort of blasphemous parody of the Crusades. He symbolized a crusade for nothing.

What did the nineteenth century in France inherit from the Renaissance? Almost nothing. Ignorance was propagated by democracy until it corrupted even the teaching staff. For the primary school to dictate to the university, is an unmistakable sign of decay. When the lower rule the higher, the hierarchy of mind and matter is reversed. I say 'almost' nothing, because this century did give us a few scholars and thinkers, — notably, Auguste Comte, Fustel de Coulanges, Quicherat, Longnon, and Luchaire, — heirs of that sublime spirit which seeks the causes of things, and which during the sixteenth century cultivated itself by communion with the ancients. It also gave us a few painters, like the school of Fontainebleau, and such sculptors as Rude, Puget, Carpeaux, and Rodin, who were filled with the divine fire of Rome and of Athens.

What did the nineteenth century in France inherit from the Reformation and from its bloodthirsty daughter, the Revolution? Much. Better said, everything. I would compare the Reformation and Revolution to an immense barrier of rock, obstructing the entrance of the nineteenth century in France and cutting off the light of the past; so that our later generations have been forced to grope about by the sense of touch. What robs thought of its discipline, and language of its richness and precision, more than romanticism — unless it be revolution? Its jingling is not the jingling of gold, as Boileau well said.

Yes, but there is Science, with a capital S. The nineteenth century has built for science, laboratories and factories, the two great instruments of progress.

I shall show on another occasion how fragile much of our science is, — as ephemeral as the insects which breed and die on the surface of a pool, — and how harmful is the remainder. I do not mean to proclaim the insolvency, the bankruptcy of science, as mad Brunetière does in his heavy, contradictory, dogmatic works. I do not propose to deny that certain stable and positive benefits have ensued from the scientific effervescence between 1860 and 1914. But I propose to show the obverse of the medal — the turning of the laboratory and factory, in the hands of political madmen, against the very human race which these institutions were supposed to serve. True science, which transcends the laboratory and the factory, is not the child of yesterday, as the fools and intellectual perverts who encumber the ways and passages of the nineteenth century so fondly believe. Higher mathematics,

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and the astronomical laws which they express, were known to the Egyptians, whose monuments proved their possession also of an extraordinary knowledge of mechanics. But a knowledge of mechanics implies a knowledge of physics and biology.

The navigation of a sailing vessel is a science. The manufacture of bread is a science, which involved a knowledge of fermentation and its laws long prior to Pasteur. The manufacture of wine is a science, which likewise utilizes a knowledge of ferments.

These discoveries were not the work of a group of men, any more than were our proverbs and songs and popular legends. They were given us by men of genius, whose names and whose other discoveries have been lost or forgotten. The same applies to the extraction of metals, the weaving of fabrics, the drafting of laws, the building of roads and aqueducts, and the thousand other arts which have become part and parcel of our civilization. None of the discoveries of which the nineteenth century is so proud possesses the character of being perennial and consubstantial with civilized life. We know that the science of electricity may be lost and disappear by a mental short circuit. Our present-day chemistry — in constant transformation — is encoiled by an agonizing torture of mutually destructive hypotheses regarding atoms and ether. The very foundation of Pasteur's theory is crumbling; and our serum cookers and antitoxin compounders are asking if the microbes have become immune to the methods of the past. In a word, it appears that the stability of discoveries is inversely proportional to their frequency and facility, and that nature demands time and deliberation.

Now overhaste is the characteristic of the nineteenth century, as are likewise timidity and prepossession. This haste, as prejudicial to the labors of the mind as to those of the body, has been increasing constantly from that century's fiftieth to its one hundred and fourteenth year — assuming that the following, or twentieth century, really began with the first Battle of the Marne. This overhaste has a good side. It gave us railways, steamships, telegraphs, automobiles, telephones, and all other agencies of speed. But these were mere physical things. In the mental world precipitation has been pernicious. It makes us assume that problems still in the first stages of solution are settled and decided; that detestable and faulty institutions are perfect and immutable; that usurped reputations are immortal. In these degenerate times, the manufacture of false glory has become a regular industry, as we have abundant testimony in the silly monuments that cumber our parks and public squares, and the foolish names with which our streets are christened.

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THOUGHTS UPON GOETHE AND TOLSTOI

BY THOMAS MANN

[Last autumn Thomas Mann, perhaps the most distinguished critic and man of letters in Germany, delivered a lecture upon Goethe and Tolstoi, which attracted wide attention. The principal paragraphs of this lecture, including his rather original definition of great literary schools, are printed below.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt, December* 25
(LIBERAL DAILY)

WEIMAR and Yasnaya Polyana. Today there is no place in the world from which such forces radiate as formerly from those. There is no salvation-bringing pilgrims' shrine to which men journey with the longing, hope, and reverence with which they thronged to those places in the beginning of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. We have descriptions of the court which Goethe held at Weimar, in those elder years when he had become more than a poet, more than the author of this or that masterpiece; when he had become a prince of life, the highest representative of European culture, morals, and humanity. He had his secretaries, his higher officials, and helpful friends. He was clothed with the dignity and honor of the high post which the world had conferred upon him. He sheltered behind these courtly formalities the vast secret reaches of his greatness, and thus withstood the influx of cultivated gentlemen, of princes, artists, and ardent youths, whose memory of their pilgrimage to his presence would throw a golden glow over the remainder of their lives — notwithstanding the chilling disillusion that the great moment of their audience often brought them. Again, about 1900, a little Russian village became the pivot and centre, the holy shrine, toward which the whole world seemed to face. Its unending procession of pilgrims was even more varied, more international, than the one which visited Weimar; for during the interval, communication had become easier and the world had grown wider. South Africans, Americans, Japanese, Australians, sons of the Malay Archipelago, Siberian refugees, Indian Brahmans, members of every European nation, scholars, poets, artists, statesmen, governors, senators, students, generals, laborers, peasants, French politicians, journalists of every land and school, and young men — again young men from all quarters of the globe — were drawn there by some compelling influence. A Russian writer exclaimed: 'Who has not sought him with heartfelt greetings, with sympathetic encouragement, with tormenting questions?' His biographer, Birukov, says: 'These all visited that village, and returned home marveling at the words and wisdom of the great seer who dwelt there.'

Great words! Great thoughts! Yes, yes. But the words and wisdom which the seer bestowed were not invariably remarkable; nor were the conventional remarks of courtesy with which Goethe often received the people who waited upon him. The question is, did these pilgrims come to Weimar and to 'Bright Wood-Meadow' for great words and

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thoughts; or were they not rather drawn there by a deeper and more elemental impulse? We risk being charged with mysticism, however, if we explain the magnetic force which attracts men from every part of the world to such a centre, as not intellectual but — I can only repeat my former word — elemental.

With respect to Goethe, let me cite Wilhelm von Humbolt, who remarked a few days after the death of the Master that the most marvelous fact was that this man, without willing it, and unconsciously, had exercised such an all-powerful influence merely by being what he was. He said: 'It is something quite apart from his intellectual creativeness as a thinker and poet; it lies in his great and unique personality.' Very well, but personality is a makeshift word for something which escapes definition and naming. Personality has nothing directly to do with intellect or with culture. It expresses a conception outside the field of reasoning. It takes us into the sphere of the mystical, the elemental, the natural. Another word which men often use when they seek a formula and a figure to denote the source of such a tremendous influence is 'a great nature.' But nature is n't intellect. These two represent, I fancy, the contradiction of all contradictions. Gor'kii not only did not believe in Tolstoi's Christian-Buddhist-Chinese doctrine of wisdom, but what goes farther, he did not believe that Tolstoi possessed that wisdom. Yet when he surveyed the venerable master, he confessed to himself with wonder: 'This man is like God!' What extorted this exclamation from his innermost being was not intellect; it was nature. And what the throngs of pilgrims who sought Weimar, and the remote Russian village named 'Bright Wood-Meadow,' obscurely hoped would regenerate and reinspire them, was not a great intellect. They thirsted for the sight and intimate presence of a great vital power, of a grace-bestowing human nature, of a noble son of God. For a man need not be a disciple of Spinoza — as Goethe was, and knew why he was — in order to greet the favored children of Nature as favorites of the Divinity.

Schiller, even after he became an invalid, was kinder and more sympathetic to his visitors than was Goethe, as we know from the testimony of the actor Friedrich, who, as he said, 'took leave of this glorious poet with a consoled heart,' although he had left the reception room of Schiller's great contemporary with what he describes as a 'moral chill.' He relates that, 'Goethe's whole attitude impressed me as stiff and pompous, and I vainly sought to discover in his face anything that suggested the genial and charming author of the *Sorrows of Werther*, or of *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*. . . . I cannot describe how repelled and disenchanted I was by my unexpectedly cool and unkind reception. . . . I would have been only too glad to say to Goethe: "You wooden image, you never wrote *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre!*" But I choked down the words.'

This recalls the good citizen of Moscow, who left Yasnaya Polyana in Gor'kii's company, and for a long time could hardly catch his breath, but merely smiled wryly and stammered with awe: 'Now, now! That was a cold shower for you. He's stern! Phu! And I thought he was really an anarchist!' Perhaps, indeed very probably, he would have found Dostoevskii, had he visited him, more of an anarchist — if that means less stern; and that he would have departed from his presence with a 'consoled heart,' as the good actor Friedrich left the glorious Schiller.

None the less, neither Schiller's nor Dostoevskii's genius so consecrated a

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corner of the earth as to make it a pilgrims' shrine. They were, to be sure, not old enough. They died too young. They never attained the patriarchal age of Goethe and Tolstoi. Nature denied them the dignity and the consecration of advanced years. She did not grant to them the privilege of reaping the fruits and experiences of all life's seasons, of rounding out a complete and harmonious existence.

Let me observe again, that venerability has naught to do with the intellect. An old man may be foolish and commonplace, but his white hair and wrinkles still command reverence. Old age confers a natural nobility, though 'natural nobility' is here a pleonasm. For nobility is always natural. A man cannot be ennobled; that is a silly misconception. He is noble by birth. It is inherent in his flesh and blood. Nobility, therefore, is in a sense physical, and it is upon physical qualities and not intellectual qualities that nobility has always laid the greatest weight. That gives this quality a certain trait of brutality, which has always been characteristic of what we consider noble in man. Was there not something brutal in the heathen-like pride with which Goethe exulted in his vitality and good preservation? For instance, note his remark to Sovet when he was eighty-one years old: 'Sömmering has died, scarce a miserable fifty-seven years old. What slackers men are who have not the courage to stick it out longer! I admire my friend, Bentham, though he is an ultra-radical fool. He still keeps in good health, though he is several weeks older than I am.'

Schiller and Dostoevskii accordingly — if I may pause to mention them a moment — were not granted the nobility of old age. They died comparatively young. Why? Because they were sick men — both invalids — the first a consumptive and the second an epileptic. Let me raise here two questions: Was not invalidism a necessary and characteristic trait of both men — did it not constitute a deep element in their natures? In the second place, do we not regard illness in their instance as also wearing a noble aspect, a trait of aristocracy?

I grant this quality in their case is very different from that autobiographical aristocracy, that self-absorption and self-love, which I have just mentioned. It is a nobility which signifies a deepening, elevating, and strengthening of their human qualities — yes, of their human qualities — in a very different way, so that the noble attributes of a higher type of man are conferred upon them by their very physical frailty. Consequently, the expression 'natural nobility' is not so pleonastic as it seemed; for there is a kind of nobility which has no relation with the nobility which Nature confers upon her favorite children. Clearly there are two qualities which we designate by this name: the lifting-up and intensifying of man, either toward the Godlike, by the grace of Nature, or toward the Holy by the grace of another power which is the opposite of Nature, which represents emancipation from her, the eternal revolt against what she signifies; I mean by the grace of the spirit. The question which nobility is the higher, which form of human superiority is the finer, I would call the 'problem of aristocracy.'

This suggests a little philosophizing about illness — with all due discretion. Illness has two aspects, two relations to humanity and human worth. In one aspect illness lessens human dignity by overemphasizing the physical and unduly attracting attention to the body, by lowering man to the material plane. Under the other aspect, however, illness may be conceived as ennobling its victim. While it would be

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going too far to say that illness spiritualizes nature, the two conceptions have much in common. Spirituality is conscious that it is the higher. It is a principle continually striving to emancipate itself from Nature, to disentangle itself from the material world. Spirituality is the quality which distinguishes and separates man from nature, which sets him apart from all other organic life, and the question — what I have called the 'aristocratic problem' — is whether a man is not superior precisely in the degree that he becomes independent and separated from Nature or the physical world: in a word, the iller he is. For what is illness but a process of alienation from Nature? Hebbel said epigrammatically: 'If your finger pains you, cut it off.' '*Aber so ist auch der Mensch, fürcht' ich, ein Schmerz nur in Gott.*' (But man, also, I fear, is only a pain in God.)

Was it not Nietzsche who called man 'the sick animal'? And did he not mean by this that man transcends an animal precisely to the degree that he is sick? It is the supremacy of the spirit, this overbalancing of the spiritual against the physical that we call illness, which bestows dignity on man; and the genius of illness is more human than that of health.

You revolt against this. You refuse to accept this truth. But in the first place, illness in its philosophical sense does not imply disparagement or inferiority. It is a condition which should be viewed as impartially as health. For either illness or health can be noble. In the second place, let me remind you that Goethe identified Schiller's literary attitude, his sentimentalism, with his illness — after having identified the contrast between natural and sentimental, with the contrast between classical and romantic. He remarked one day to Eckermann: 'The distinction between classical and romantic poetry which everybody is now discussing, and which has caused so much strife and controversy, had its origin with myself and Schiller. In my own poetry, I portray only objective conduct and recognize only this. But Schiller, who worked wholly on the subjective plane, considered his method the right one, and wrote his essay upon naïve and sentimental poetry to defend his views against mine.' On another occasion Goethe said: 'A new expression has occurred to me, which designates fairly well the relation of the classical to the romantic. I would call the classical healthy and the romantic sickly. If we distinguish between the classical and the romantic in this way, we shall soon have a clear idea of the difference between them.'

This gives us a classification where naïve, objective, healthy, and classical are in one category, and sentimental, subjective, pathological, and romantic are in the other category. So we can properly call him a member of the romantic school, who intellectually and spiritually stands aloof from Nature — in sentimental isolation and alienation of spirit from her; and who simultaneously suffers and delights in this conscious dualism of nature and spirit. Nature is happy — or she seems so to him; for he himself is tortured by the romantic dualism which estranges him from her. Does not all understanding love for our fellow men rest upon a sympathetic, brotherly, and compassionate recognition of this almost hopeless plight? Yes, indeed, there is a patriotism of humanity, which is inspired by this conviction: one loves his fellow men because he, too, is a sufferer, — because he is one of them himself.

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BACK TO NATURE—AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED. I

BY WILHELM RHENIUS

From *Vorwärts, December* 2–15
(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST DAILY)

I HAD the good fortune to discover a sympathetic soul, on the steamer to South America, in a broken-down schoolmaster of middle age, who was so thoroughly disgusted with himself, his superiors, his pupils, and the rest of the civilized world as to be a man after my own heart. Since we were going to a country where family names counted for nothing, it was enough to call him Max. He was a man about forty, below medium height, rather thickset, and bore the title of Doctor — and looked it. He was not only married but had his wife with him, a comely little lady in the thirties. She was a brave soul who shared the opinions of her husband and who was prepared, according to her own account, to face all the hardships of the wilderness. They had no children, so it is hardly necessary to say that they carried with them a terrier and a canary bird.

Since our sentiments and our prospects were so strikingly alike, we agreed to share our common fortunes in the New World. However, that was a subject we did not discuss until the sea calmed down. During the first stage of the voyage, we were as utterly indifferent to our future as to our past. Even the canary bird and the terrier were seasick. The latter answered to the name 'Rats' — when he felt like it. Madam Louisa apparently suffered least, for she had duties to perform which kept her up — duties to her dog and her canary bird. The Doctor, however, suffered doubly, from seasickness and from a disproved theory. He had decided that an infallible cure for this malady would be to lie flat on one's back and put a heavy weight on one's stomach — meanwhile, presumably, praying for better weather. He tried this treatment with a fair-sized steamer trunk, but it was so heavy that his eyes fairly started from their sockets and there was danger that if he continued it he would succumb, if not to seasickness, to other more earthly ills. So, at the urgent entreaties of his wife, he substituted a hand satchel weighing some fifty or sixty pounds.

After trying that one whole day, he struggled up on deck in the evening, worse than ever.

But these things passed, and after we left Madeira the sea was as smooth as a floor and the heavens were cloudless. With this change our interest in the future revived.

'I am so happy,' said Madam Louisa to me, 'that you are coming too. My husband is so dreadfully impractical.'

'Good, unsuspecting soul!' I thought to myself.

'Dear child,' said the Doctor, 'we are all beginning a new life, and so we must start in to learn from the beginning. But I hope that we have inherited instincts from our ancestors which will facilitate our return to a primitive existence.' Unhappy school-teacher, if he had only known!

'We shan't have to buy anything,' said Madam Louisa with sparkling eyes. 'How glorious to produce everything yourself, by hunting, fishing, and tilling the soil.' Suddenly turning to

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me, she inquired: 'Do you know anything about farming?'

'A little,' I said, and that was the truth. I had an uncle who owned a farm and who used to send me a fat goose and a smoked ham every Christmas. Moreover, I always thought I might like farming, because I am so fond of hunting-breakfasts.

'We shall have to learn to do without many things,' said the Doctor, looking pensively to the southward.

'We surely shall,' I agreed.

'But,' he continued, 'when we have become accustomed to that, we shall be truly happy; for happiness consists largely in doing without things.' And so we discoursed, building air castles of our home in the virgin forest, and were happy in our anticipations.

After the simple formalities of landing at Buenos Aires, and a few days' sojourn in that fine city, we took a river steamer several days' journey up the Parana to a little town which was the last outpost of civilization. Our final destination was a newly founded German colony, a day's travel beyond, where we expected to find what we were seeking — unadulterated nature. We landed at our river destination on a glorious, sunny, August day, weather that would speedily disperse the gloomiest thoughts. But we had no gloomy thoughts. We found ourselves in a harmless, happy, care-free, little settlement, whose inhabitants were amiably averse to progress and useful labor. They stared at us with childlike curiosity as we balanced ourselves precariously on the unstable landing-plank. When Rats fell into the water, the spectators gave a shout of joy which sounded like a cross between an Iroquois war whoop and a Tirol yodel. Madam Louisa turned pale, but laughed heartily with the rest when the Doctor fished the dripping terrier out of the water. The Doctor's face was radiant with satisfaction at this exploit, although he had wet himself sadly in the rescue.

I should mention here that we had studied Spanish assiduously during the outward voyage. In fact, I fancy that the doctor was practising certain sentences to himself, even in the midst of this exciting exploit. Whatever he lacked in knowledge of the language was sticking out of his left coat pocket in the shape of a fat red dictionary.

We were soon wading happily through the deep sand behind a baggage cart, toward the small hotel recommended to us. Later, while Madam Louisa was enjoying a well-earned rest, we men explored the town and interviewed the managers of the colony. We also met several other Germans who seemed to be fairly prosperous. Every one of them advised us not to try pioneering in a semi-tropical forest. We had received the same advice at Buenos Aires, but we merely laughed at it. These good people did not understand what world-haters, like us, could do.

So we roamed around, delighted at every palm and every heavily laden orange tree, and wildly enthusiastic at a flock of squawking parrots.

The town consisted mostly of mud huts or *ranchos*. The Doctor was eager to investigate thoroughly this method of construction. We discovered a deserted and half-ruined building of this kind, and examined it carefully. The primitiveness of its architecture entranced us. We felt that we needed only to evoke our slumbering primitive instincts to master its technique.

I observed later that the natives proceed — to put it mildly — very methodically in the construction of these houses, as they do in all their other labors. First they carry some posts to the place they have selected, and let them lie there until the grass has grown high enough to conceal them.

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Then some people appear of a fine morning and set them up, lay some roof-poles over them, and silently disappear. This skeleton stands so many months that you become accustomed to the idea of always seeing it in that shape, and are quite startled some other fine morning to find a man thatching the roof with straw. After it has remained in that condition long enough to look like a permanent structure, a day comes when you notice a heap of sticks and poles lying in the vicinity, which eventually are woven into the reinforcement for a wall and covered on both sides with a stucco of clay. After this has dried, the *rancho* is ready for occupancy, unless the roof has rotted in the meantime.

So far as my observations went, the furniture of the poorer classes was very scanty: an ox skin for a bed, a kettle and teapot, and a guitar.

During the next few days, we sought helpful information from every source, and were benefited with an abundance of good advice. Madam Louisa was busy visiting the stores, talking with the native ladies, and learning to drink maté. The Doctor warned her against this habit, which he affirmed would certainly ruin her nerves. But the good Doctor did not foresee that his little wife would in days to come conjure away many a sad hour with this solacing drink. Often have I seen her tear-stained face light up with a weary smile after this refreshment.

A few days later, we men decided to ride over to the colony lands and select our allotment. So one sunny morning two saddle horses provided by our kindly host were waiting at the hotel. The Doctor, needless to say, had never ridden. I had been on a horse but once, and then for a very brief period. But our landlord laughed at our hesitation, and after an intimidated glance we clambered into the odd-looking saddles. To put it more accurately, the Doctor was lifted into his by a sturdy *peon*.

Then we blithely started. I took the lead; but to my immense surprise, my mount made a sudden turn and rode into the kitchen, where a toothless cook greeted us with a howl that caused him to beat a speedy retreat. I caught sight of the Doctor, whose horse had tried to follow mine, clinging to a neighboring orange tree.

'Max!' shrieked Madam Louisa. 'Get down!'

'Nonsense,' he shouted back in an encouraging tone. 'We'll manage it.' But we did n't. Our horses pranced around like two nervous policemen in a street parade, and with the same result — of driving everyone to shelter.

Our landlord would have come to our aid at once, but could not do so for laughing. Finally he controlled himself and instructed us in the native way of handling our reins. Eventually we got started down the street toward the colony. Let me say right here that the Doctor was wearing hemp slippers, because he fancied that they were healthier in this climate, and also a tropical helmet. The slippers were rather large for him. My headgear was a green hunting-hat with a feather in the band. I wore long boots and carried a shotgun. All three of these articles I had inherited from the days when I thought of becoming a farmer in Germany.

The pace of our single-foot ponies pleased us extremely, and we found our saddles very comfortable. After leaving the town, houses were few and far between. We passed an occasional field or garden and then entered a prairie interspersed at intervals with groups of trees. The thermometer rose rapidly, but we disregarded the heat in our delight at the glorious landscape.

After two hours' riding through this

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kind of country we reached the timber. It was our first sight of a virgin forest, and for the next two hours we were wholly absorbed in our new surroundings. Eventually, however, we began to be conscious of our weariness and thirst. So we jogged along silently staring at the ears of our horses. The trail seemed endless. At one point it was blocked by a fallen tree. A faint path through the thicket led around this obstacle. The Doctor stopped and asked uneasily: 'Can we get by?' I pushed my horse ahead of him, to show what a man as familiar with country life as I was could do.

I had to lean low over the neck of my horse to clear the vines swinging over the path. In this I succeeded. But I forgot my gun slung across my back. This caught a vine, and as I was more strongly attached to it than to my horse, I parted from the latter and fell with a thump just in front of the Doctor's steed. The good man exclaimed: 'Almighty God!'

No one was hurt, but I was so stiff from riding that I remained seated for a moment. Indeed, I should have taken a longer rest had not the hoofs of the Doctor's horse been unpleasantly close. So I climbed into the saddle and soon we were out of this forest and at the banks of a clear stream. Near by was a shady tree, where we decided to rest and eat our midday meal. We felt it was due our horses to unsaddle them and let them graze. We discovered to our surprise that each saddle consisted of six parts, — including the bridle, seven. By the time these lay in confusion on the ground, I had an uneasy foreboding of coming trouble. After an hour's halt, we were stiffer and sorer than ever, but concluded it was time to proceed.

The Doctor said meditatively: 'So far as I know, we should put the bridles on first.'

I agreed: 'Let's do that, then there will be only six other things.' So he picked out his bridle and tried to put it on his grazing animal.

I heard the Doctor muttering: 'Practice, I lack practice.' He had nearly scraped off his horse's ears in the effort to get the bridle on where it did not belong. Finally we both worked together on one horse, until by a lucky chance the thing arranged itself in the proper way of its own accord.

The Doctor observed with some show of feeling: 'This thing should be thoroughly studied.'

'Later,' I urged. 'Now we must get the saddles on.' We gazed at the mountain of leather goods and then at each other. Both asked simultaneously: 'What comes first?' We had forgotten the order in which we removed the parts. Then there was the further question of what was mine and what was thine.

Finally, we placed a collection of the parts on the back of one of the horses, and tried to strap the whole thing on. The good animal looked like a ship of the desert loaded for a journey across the Sahara.

Something was wrong. Moreover, the whole affair wiggled. So we took it off. After about an hour we had the saddles so arranged, whether rightly or wrongly, that they no longer slipped under the horses' bellies when we tried to mount. I was already aloft. The Doctor stood with a foot in one stirrup and hopped up and down until he was blue in the face. Finally, with a supreme effort, he got aboard, lifting his right foot over with a mighty swing. At the same moment, I received a sharp blow on the head. It was one of the Doctor's canvas slippers. I managed to pick it up and hand it to him. Then we started on.

I soon observed that we looked rather odd. The Doctor's horse seemed to be

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getting longer and mine shorter. We encouraged our steeds to increase their pace across a monotonous strip of prairie. My mount kept shrinking, while a side glance at the Doctor's showed me that his had stretched so much that the reins were hardly long enough to reach the rider. Indeed the Doctor looked like an aristocratic coachman on the box behind a spirited span.

While I was pondering on this phenomenon, a half-wild ox suddenly sprang up from the shade of a bush close to the trail. Our horses shied and then broke into a gallop. I learned at once what was the matter with mine. My whole six-fold saddle slid forward over his neck.

The Doctor just then charged past me, and I noticed that he was stationed at the other extreme of his horse, bent far forward in an earnest effort to retain his grasp on the outstretched reins. His tropical helmet had slipped back over his neck, and he was clinging to his horse's rump as to eternal salvation.

'Whoa, whoa, old boy!' he shouted in a trembling voice. But that did n't prevent the catastrophe. I saw him suddenly disappear in a cloud of dust, out of which emerged flying a pair of canvas slippers and a tropical helmet.

Stopping my horse so abruptly that I nearly landed over his ears, I slid off and hastened to where my companion lay, picking up the tropical helmet on my way and wondering whether there was still any head on which to put it. But the Doctor, after lying still on his back a moment, arose quite unharmed and stared after his horse. The latter was releasing himself by vigorous kicking from the remnants of the saddle, which had slipped over his hind legs. The moment he succeeded, he began to graze. The doctor limped after him, while I rearranged my saddle as well as I could.

However, the Doctor's horse was not to be caught again, despite a wonderful display of glib blarney by his recent rider. He would gallop away a few paces whenever the latter approached, until, finally tiring of this game, he trotted off across the prairie and was soon lost to view behind a slight elevation. I mounted and started after him.

However, my search was fruitless. I rode for nearly an hour along the route by which we had come, fancying the horse must be returning to his stable, but in vain. The few people whom I met had not seen him. So I returned to my companion, who had rescued his saddle from the swamp into which his horse had kicked it, and was drying his saddlecloths in the sun. He was much depressed, but finally said in a resigned tone: 'From now on I'll have to carry this saddle.'

A generous idea occurred to me. 'You can't do that, Doctor,' I said, 'Take my horse and carry it.' He protested a little, but finally yielded and mounted my horse with part of his saddle under him and the rest over his right arm. However, the main part of the saddle would not go anywhere. I offered to carry it, but the doctor had a brilliant thought. He tied his two stirrups together beneath the horse and hung the thing there. So the caravan proceeded. We agreed that we must get another horse in some way, and after inquiring at several *ranchos*, finally discovered a noble-hearted fellow who not only provided us with a new mount, but offered for a very modest fee to accompany us to our destination and back.

The arrangement eventually proved very fortunate, for this man, whose name was Pedro, had the last cabin along the route. We spent the night at his place, resuming our journey early the following morning. About noon,

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we reached the edge of another dark, virgin forest, which stretched out interminably in front of us. An overgrown trail entered it. We paused a moment to contemplate, with an unconfessed thrill of dread, the dark tunnel of vegetation we were about to enter, and suggested that it might be better to wait until next morning. Pedro readily assented to this proposal, and we spent the afternoon on the bank of a stream at the edge of a forest, passing the night in a neighboring deserted hut. We were tired and depressed and listened with only half attention to Pedro's rambling talk.

Early the next morning we entered the forest. For an hour or so our good spirits returned. We rode in single file along the trail which was so narrow and overgrown that the branches kept hitting us in the face. At first we joked about this, but after some three hours began to find it rather tiresome and irritating, and concentrated our silent attention on our horses' ears. Even this solace was denied us; for we were forced to dodge and bow to avoid passing obstacles. By this time we had lost all interest in our destination, and Pedro's remarks about it would have fallen on indifferent ears even had we understood what he was saying. The trail began to seem interminable. Late in the afternoon, however, we reached a deserted clearing; and then, after another short stretch of woods, the banks of the Parana.

We slid out of our saddles, letting Pedro look after the horses, and threw ourselves down on the river bank. If one were to ask me my thoughts at that moment, I should have replied: 'The Chalet in Dresden Park and a stein of lager!' I could n't tell from his features what the Doctor was thinking about, because he had pulled his tropical helmet over his face.

After we had rested awhile, we walked back to the clearing and Pedro opined that if a man intended to settle here at all, it would be the best place to begin; for some of the trees had been cut down and burned. The man who made that much start toward clearing a farm had thought better of it and given up the job.

We eventually decided that Pedro was right. But I ought to observe that we did n't make our decision until we had returned to town, rested from our trip of investigation, and enjoyed a hearty meal. For the present all we thought of was getting back through the woods to some trace of civilization.

When we did arrive at our hotel, we were received with tears of joy by Madam Louisa, who was naturally greatly worried at the return of her husband's horse without a rider.

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THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE DRAWING-ROOM

From the *Spectator, January* 7
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE middle-class drawing-room bids fair to become a memory — our children may hear about it with amusement, just as we hear with amusement about the best parlors of the working class. Yet no one will be able to understand the age which is over, and over so lately, without knowing all about the drawing-room. The old novels will tell a great deal about it, but tradition counts for more even than novels.

For very many years the drawing-room was the background of Victorian family life, and the mistress of the family, when she shut it up at the beginning of the war, never thought that, though she might remove the dusting sheets and open the windows, she would not really live in it again. Of course, in many instances, she has still got a drawing-room, but there is no real drawing-room life. The room may look very much as it did. It may still contain her best treasures and they, of course, need airing; so there has to be a fire in it sometimes, and when there is a fire there may as well be a party, but it is not any longer the centre of the home. For one thing, no women now expect to spend their lives, from their youth onward, sitting down in occupied idleness, as once they expected. Manners and customs have changed lately with astonishing rapidity, partly, no doubt, because incomes have changed. The sort of London houses which everyone is trying to get rid of have such absurdly large drawing-rooms, very often double ones, impossible to keep warm without two fires. When the houses are 'converted' these great rooms, which belong, like the basements, to another era, will be cut up. Lots of them have already been divided, and the flat or *maisonette* owner uses half of what was once the sacred drawing-room for his sole sitting-room, and smokes in it and writes in it, and sometimes even eats and swears in it, to his heart's content. A great many people, however, cannot 'convert' their houses. So they shut the drawing-room, or if they are determined to keep it open, they take paying guests. But a drawing-room full of paying guests is not a drawing-room in any true sense. It is a 'public room,' or a lounge, or business premises, or what you will, but not that. Now, there is nothing in the world quite so foolish as social regrets. Every generation makes the social customs which suit it. There is no such sure way of shortening one's active life and falling behind the times as pottering about among regrets. Sorrow never ages anyone, very often it renews their spiritual youth; and work ages very few people, but every regret, if not a nail in the coffin, is at least a gray hair in the head. The new ways should be the only ways — in practice.

All the same, it is permissible to look back with tenderness, and amusement even, upon worse times. The real drawing-room was a very nice place, and in it we shall always see the typical Victorian lady, — 'Portrait of a lady seated in a chintz-covered chair' it will be called in memory's catalogue, — and we shall be able to date the recollection exactly by the color and the pattern of the chintz. We shall see dull-colored flowers and bright-colored flowers, white grounds, black grounds,

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and that horrid buff color once called 'a full cream,' but really more the shade of a milk-pudding skin. There she sat surrounded, so to speak, by the proofs of her happiness. The water colors and the china and the very good furniture all spoke to her of prosperity; the portraits, by someone more or less known, of the children when they were little and of herself when she was young, all smiled at her from the walls. There were always flowers in the drawing-room and never any untidy work and never any smell of smoke.

Even when the room remains open and looks much as it always looked the odor of sanctity is gone. The children come in and out as they like and behave just as they like. They used to behave so well in the drawing-room! Perhaps it was the effect of their best clothes. What with their best clothes and best manners, they never looked so pretty as they did there and never seemed so amenable to the instruction which comes of 'being read to.' What pretty flirtations, too, went on in the drawing-room, with all the young people in suitable attire. Now they flirt about all over the place, in all sorts of costumes, outdoors and in. There is no longer a focus for their activities. One scene, with very slight alterations, did for even the most complicated domestic drama. Now we want much more variety if we are to portray even the best side of life at all fairly. Work is said to be monotonous, but in reality it is considerably more various than leisure.

The amusement known as 'calling' has passed away with the drawing-room. It was a game universal among women, and really it was very pleasant. The 'play' consisted in conversation, the element of chance in the tea. We are told now that the conversation was very stupid, but it cannot have been any more stupid than the people, and they have not changed. Most conversation will always be very stupid in which no element of shop enters. Drawing-room life was, however, one must admit, rather more artificial than life is at the moment, not than it will be again, because human nature longs for artificiality at intervals. Just now there seem to be no conventions, and the prophets wonder what the next convention will be. A great change in hospitality was inevitable when the drawing-room door closed and 'rounds of calls' were no more. Hospitality, as apart from friendship, and apart from the organized meeting of young people of opposite sexes, came very much to an end. The drawing-room and the dining-room were closely connected, and those long dinners which preceded retirement to the drawing-room belong also to the past.

There is — so we have read — a greedy Chinese proverb which declares that 'the stomach likes surprises.' There was something agreeable about the immense varieties of food and wine which so few years ago it was the duty of a good hostess to put before her guests. If we all get a little richer again will there be, one wonders, a tendency to go back to it? or shall we rather return to the 'groaning boards' of still earlier days and have a great deal of solid food all on the table together? Something, of course, depends upon the ease of getting servants. Perhaps we shall have no real fashions, no compelling social customs for a very long time. Everywhere there is a tendency to laxity — Fashion no longer compels where clothes are concerned. She permits almost anything, yet probably at no time was so much thought of appearance. Manners were never so informal or the choice of livelihood so wide. But suppose we — the poorer educated — do not get richer but get poorer still. In that case, what we may call the drawing-room convention will have to be reëstab-

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lished in some form or other. We shall require to have some form of 'best room' in which we emphasize the necessary artificiality of social civilization. Somehow or other we shall have to keep up our standard of manners, and to keep it up without definite rules is too difficult.

We shall have to return to formal dinners, however meagre; hospitality, however simple; and arranged-for meetings, however dull. The fewer forms you insist on the more grace you require. Social informality makes too great a demand upon the wits of the shy. The Englishman tends to be shy, even if he lives in the exact *milieu* in which he was born, and one man in five is painfully shy if he enters any rank of life as a recruit. Suppose the ordinary person were suddenly called upon to sustain a long interview with a royal personage and told that, while he must at his peril show every possible deference, there were no rules whatever to help him out. Many a man would reply that, whatever his failure to appear might cost him, he simply could not go. It is perfectly easy to conform to a ritual with visible signs. It is nearly impossible to invent one in conformity to an invisible spirit. Absolute informality must always be the privilege of those who know the art of life through and through, and that belongs almost exclusively to those who were born where it was known. If the middle class flouts the forms of social life it will have no distinctive social life at all, and that means it will be merged, or, in other words, will die out.

THE POSITION IN THE THEATRE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

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From the *London Mercury, December*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE phrases 'commercial drama' and 'artistic drama' beg a good many questions and institute an offensive comparison. But they do at least correspond to a certain reality, and they indicate the existence of that strange cleavage which is the most curious feature of the modern English theatre. . . .

In the theatre, as nowhere else in the arts, action and reaction are embodied, are recognizably separated one from the other. On the one side we have the 'West End' theatres with their provincial allies, whither 'West End' successes are sent on tour. On the other are such bodies as the Stage Society and the Phœnix Society, and, both in London and in the provinces, the Repertory Theatres. The gulf is not impassable. Plays are sometimes staged in the West End for other reasons than because a manager thinks them likely to run three hundred nights: a few can be seen which, for whatever reasons they were staged,

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and however they have succeeded, seem to have been written, at least, with an admixture of other motives. And we have all seen Repertory Theatres hastily throwing over the principle of their existence when a run of three hundred nights appeared to offer itself. But the gulf is there, and it is a gulf which is not to be found elsewhere. There are 'commercial' novels and 'artistic' novels; but they often come from the same publisher and sometimes from the same author. The 'artistic' novel, at any rate, is not published in a limited edition for subscribers only. No: the cleavage in the theatre is a unique thing, and the investigation of its origin and meaning leads one into the history of the English drama during the last thirty years.

For it was about thirty years ago that this phenomenon first arose. If one wanted a precise date, none better could be chosen than that of the foundation of the Independent Theatre by Mr. J. T. Grein. Mr. Grein's first production was *Ghosts;* and in 1892 he produced Mr. Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*, a piece laid aside by its author seven years before because it was manifestly impossible that the ordinary stage should ever have any use for it. But the significance of the new departure escapes us if we forget what made it necessary. The English theatre, during the nineteenth century, had fallen into an almost unparalleled state of degradation. Before it reached that desert tract which somehow, parched and footsore, it yet succeeded in crossing, it had always made its best writers also popular writers. Shakespeare and Jonson, Congreve and Sheridan, were not totally unsuccessful dramatists: no private subscription performances were required for *King Lear* or *Love for Love.* But in the middle of the nineteenth century there were no Shakespeares, no Sheridans. There was at best a Robertson, and below him an abysm into which it is pleasanter not to look. When the 'artistic' drama was again revived it had ceased to be 'commercial'; and the operation was performed by a strait and almost fanatical sect, which, with a few exceptions, has remained strait and fanatical ever since. True enough, Mr. Shaw has become an enormously successful dramatist, and Mr. Galsworthy is sometimes 'put on for a run.' Mr. Bennett occupies a rather ambiguous position between the two worlds, though he has not yet written the decisive play we have a right to expect from him. Mr. Somerset Maugham, who is nothing if not one of the main supports of the 'commercial' drama, has written at least one comedy, *The Circle*, of surprising 'artistic' quality. But the cleavage remains, deep and unmistakable.

The recapitulation of these facts may seem superfluous, for they are well known to everyone who takes the slightest interest in the English theatre. But what I have called the cleavage exercises a deep influence not only on the present, but also on the future of our drama; and I do not think that any attempt, however humble and elementary, to elucidate its meaning can be wholly in vain. It is, indeed, a somewhat surprising fact that it should still exist. When Mr. Shaw and Mr. Grein, and others, set up their standard in the 'nineties, their intention, I suppose, was to conquer or to die. They have lived and prospered, but they have not conquered. What they have achieved is the setting-up of an independent and fairly durable second state by the side of the first. The new drama, to be sure, influences its commercial brother, keeps it more or less up-to-date, and supplies it with ideas which may be converted to its own use. But it no longer hopes to drive the commercial drama from the field or even to influence it very

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profoundly, nor is it itself any longer in real fear of its own life. . . .

The 'new drama,' which, to some extent, all over Europe but particularly in England is definitely a recent creation, has been dominated from the first by the principle of realism. This is made not less but more obvious by the fact that the reaction against realism began almost at once, and has never until the last few years shown any signs of establishing itself. Ibsen was the first great master; and the modern movement in the theatre has never yet escaped from his influence. Of course, when we call him a realist we must do so with innumerable reservations and qualifications. But his tendency, and even more that of his disciples, was in the direction of removing unreal conventions from the stage. Like so many literary revolutions, that which he performed was most easily obvious and most easily imitable in the matter of technique. He abolished soliloquies, he abolished asides, he abolished lucky coincidences. What he presented on his stage might be life refined to an essence, but it was so refined only by careful selection, not by any invention outside the data ordinarily given by life. Thus he was able to present symbolic and mystical conceptions in a perfectly natural manner. *The Wild Duck* and *The Master Builder* are far beyond being merely pictures or even criticisms of life as it is lived (as are, for example, *A Doll's House* and *An Enemy of the People*), yet old Ekdal and Solness are observed and natural persons, credible on the ordinary plane, not creatures of the poetic imagination.

His disciples, however, adopted a sterner and more arid form of realism. Of course, the whole question of 'realism' or 'naturalism' is an admirable subject for the process called 'dissociation of ideas'; and only from an intelligence as dispassionate and patient as that of Remy de Gourmont could we hope for an analysis of the irrelevant details which form the common notions designated by these terms. But realism in the theatre meant, and still means, roughly, the adoption of Ibsen's natural technique, the portrayal of ordinary life as lived by large classes of the population, and, for some reason, an atmosphere of gloom intensified to a degree which is far from realistic. The German Naturalists considered that the artist should paint life precisely as it is — without selection, without purpose. Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang* was almost a perfect exemplification of this theory — almost, because a perfect exemplification could hardly survive on any stage to the last fall of the curtain. And Mr. Galsworthy in more than one play has reproduced scenes from ordinary life, scenes in courts of justice or the auction room, exactly in every detail as they happen in ordinary life. He even makes his characters speak exactly the language of ordinary life — a method which is said to be as heartbreaking for the actor as it is tedious for the audience.

We shall do well, however, to dismiss from consideration any definition of realism which represents it to be an aimless, unselective reproduction of everyday existence. It is only in the rarest instances that an artist can efface himself and his own sympathies without effacing also his power to interest an audience; and this applies as much to the dramatist as to any other artist. Realism consists not in reproducing reality, but in producing the illusion of reality, and, by that means, making a comment or conveying a feeling. *A Doll's House* makes a comment: it is a criticism of society — none the less valid at this moment because Helmer's 'squirrel' and 'lark' need to be translated into more modern terms of endearment. But Nora and Helmer, for

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all that they are displayed for this purpose, are normal, credible persons; they are such persons as call on one when one moves into a new house. It is by selection and presentment that the dramatist has made them say for him what *he* desires to say. So, too, with Solness: if one has not met him, it is an accident, though what Ibsen says through him is more than a criticism on modern society. These characters, all the characters of Ibsen's later plays, exist on a different plane from the Hamlets and the Hernanis.

It was, in a sense, the corruption of the Hernanis and the Hamlets against which Ibsen and his almost unknown coadjutor, Henri Becque, and their disciples revolted. The nineteenth-century drama, especially in England, much resembled one of the characters which drama has always delighted in exploiting — the worn-out and foolish descendant of a noble race. At this moment any Londoner can see what the Elizabethan drama has come to. As I write, Sir Martin Harvey is playing in *The Only Way* at the Lyceum; and this piece, grotesque as the connection may seem, is the degenerate descendant of the great plays of blood and violence which three centuries ago pleased the London mob by their violence and their poetry. There were, in the nineteenth century, other survivals of greater days, descendants of Congreve and Sheridan and Molière, no less abased than the descendants of Shakespeare and Webster. The exponents of the new drama set their hands to the removal of all this decaying matter; and who will say that they did wrong?

Ibsen, if it were only by his technical improvements, opened a new epoch; but that epoch was not long to endure. Perhaps it is true that realism, even in its most attenuated sense, is a spirit not very congenial to the desires of humanity: perhaps the realist method, acid and critical as it is, can never give humanity what it demands from the arts. At all events, the reaction began almost without an interval. The creations of Maeterlinck did not pretend to be real. And soon, in England, Ibsen's greatest disciple and propagandist began to develop on his own lines.

Mr. Shaw has a bifurcated personality, and consequently his own views on himself, his views expressed in the capacity of critic, are little to be trusted. He has an admirable debating brain and, when he elects to exercise it, a cool and arid intellect. But he himself has declared for 'the melting moment' on the stage, and no one knows better than he how to induce the melting moment. He must be judged by his own best achievements rather than by his cooler declarations. And his own best achievements are no more realistic than Hamlet or Coriolanus. To come no later down in his career, Cæsar and Bluntschli and Brassbound and John Tanner are pure figures of romance. No doubt the figures of an earlier romance exhibited their prowess in a different way. That remarkable survival, Cyrano de Bergerac, pinked his enemy to the tune of extremely acrobatic versifying. Mr. Shaw's heroes pink their opponents intellectually amid a shower of dazzling debating points. They are heroes of the intellect, perhaps, but they are romantic heroes none the less. They are neither conceived nor executed in a realistic attitude of mind. Mr. Shaw, it should be noted, is not, like Ibsen, an innovating genius in technique; and, technique being so obvious and so important, this helps to conceal the magnitude of the revolution he has effected. Ibsen's novelties were of the simple kind of which only a great revolutionary is capable. Mr. Shaw is simply one of the greatest writers for the stage that ever lived. Liszt invented no new method of using the piano; but he un-

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derstood better than any other composer how to make the technical resources of the piano effective. There is no definite method of using the stage to be set to Mr. Shaw's credit; but no dramatist has ever used the scene and the actors with greater effect. He has made such dazzling use of Ibsen's reformed technique as almost to conceal the fact that he is moving in a quite contrary direction. We are too prone to judge all artists by their personal confessions; and when a dramatist, of all artists, comes into the open and proclaims his own intentions, say in a preface, we are far too ready to rank such a declaration above the ambiguous utterances of the characters for whom he cannot be held responsible. But we must remember that an artist is more truly, though less consciously, himself in his creations than in his explanations. Despite all the admirable common sense of Mr. Shaw's prefaces, we must agree that Peter Keegan is the real man, not Larry Doyle.

Mr. Shaw's development in the direction of romanticism has been less obvious, but not less potent, than that of his great contemporary, Dr. Gerhart Hauptmann. But, while both of these writers were attached in one way or another to the original realist movement, there were younger authors who had no such attachments and whose earliest efforts were in the direction of an uncompromising revolt against realism. First among these comes Herr Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who might be described comprehensively as the greatest disappointment the modern drama has known. For Herr von Hofmannsthal, who began at an amazingly early age to write plays of great competence in very mellifluous verse, has never redeemed his too precocious promise. His *Der Abenteuerer und die Sängerin* marks the height of his powers. It has to a great degree characterization, and a sense of the stage combined with a genuine and singular understanding of the manner in which a display of poetic eloquence can be used with dramatic effect. And this last quality is essential if, instead of proceeding from the point marked by Ibsen's reforms, we are in any manner to return to the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They had an audience which appreciated poetry in its proper place. Our modern audiences seem not to appreciate poetry; but that may be because they never get it in its proper place. Herr von Hofmannsthal might have been expected to give us a lead in this direction. He took, instead, to writing librettos for Dr. Richard Strauss and to making adaptations from Sophocles, Otway, and Calderon. A certain atrophy of the creative power seems to have overtaken him. He can execute, but he can no longer conceive.

After this disappointment the question is, whether the theatre must move on Ibsen's lines and gradually expand the radius measured out by him, or whether it must take some more drastic step. And this question is not so idle and meaningless as at first sight it may seem. For the theatre is, less than any other branch of the arts, a matter of individuals. The painter and the poet may go their own ways and do what they please. The painter needs canvas and colors, the poet pen, paper, and ink: neither of them needs any more to create masterpieces. But the dramatist does need more than pen, paper, and ink: he must have a complicated organization behind him before his masterpieces can take recognizable form. The manuscript of a novel is the novel. Whatever may prevent its publication, the work exists in final shape; and such lessons as the novelist can learn from its composition he has already learnt. But a play does not, in a proper sense, exist until it has been put on the stage by the

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concerted efforts of some dozen or more persons. And these dozen persons will not exert themselves unless they feel the certainty that somewhere a far larger number exists which will support them. The drama began, according to our latest theorists, in the mass feeling of the worshipers of Dionysus, or of those who worshiped the dead. The occasion of the mass feeling may have changed: its necessity remains.

We must therefore consider whether the methods of realism imposed by Ibsen and his disciples on the theatre correspond to what humanity asks from the theatre. Certainly these methods have proved to be astonishingly elastic. Mr. Shaw, that marvelous though uninventive juggler, has managed within them to write *Heartbreak House*, and Mr. Granville-Barker has managed to write *The Marrying of Anne Leete*, which remains his best, though not his most nearly perfect, play. But the methods of realism are methods devised for the presentation of the ordinary; and the fact that they can be used for other purposes does not answer the question whether other methods ought not to be devised. If I am clever enough to put a sufficiently good edge on it, I can shave with a carving knife; but probably I should do better to buy a razor. What need have we of the conventions of the old poetic drama?

The poetic drama does not present people as they are nor yet an illusion of people as they are. It does not give the literal transcript from reality, which is the special gift of Mr. Galsworthy, nor the abridged and modified transcript by which Ibsen creates his illusion. It shows such persons as never existed talking as no human being ever talked; and, whether they talk in verse like the persons of Webster and Shakespeare or in heavily rhythmical prose like the persons of M. Claudel, the effect is the same. They are removed from ordinary life: they are idealizations of what is important in it. Mr. Shaw, hard-driven to account for one of the characters in *Man and Superman*, said: 'Every woman is not Anne, but Anne is Everywoman.' It may have been a pity he did not make Anne, and the rest of the abstractions who surrounded her, talk in verse. For verse is a method, and a method commonly understood, of proclaiming that one's representations are ideally, not literally, true to life. Thus the adoption of verse, or of some equivalent of it, is a matter of the first importance, of far more than merely technical importance. A preponderance at any time, or even a large number, of plays in verse is a certain indication that at that time realism is not the prevailing spirit.

Now, is it fanciful to suppose that a revival of the poetic drama might conquer the commercial theatre and reform it throughout as the drama of Ibsen has failed to do? We have seen that the revolution of the 'nineties was successful in so far as it established a secure place for itself. It did so much because it appealed immediately to intelligent persons who liked the theatre, but were driven away from it by the corruption of greater days, which was all that it could find there. Yet it remained strictly unpopular; and does one not feel, with the art of the drama, that what is unpopular is proportionately unsatisfactory? And is this not because its realistic basis, which the new drama has often transcended but never forgotten, is too narrow for genuine public appreciation? Is the modern public quite incapable of appreciating good art in the theatre, or is it merely not moved by the particular form of good art at present offered to it? In this connection we ought to observe that among those productions which have recently attained, by more or less common consent, both artistic and

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commercial success are *The Beggar's Opera* and the Russian Ballet. These have received popular support in a measure denied to works which have been, perhaps, equally good, but in a different way.

Of the possibilities and probabilities of such an extensive movement there is at present little to say. Verse is not an essential, though it is hard to believe that were a revival of the essentially poetic drama to take place it would not bring verse with it. But verse has its drawbacks as well as it merits. Our common dramatic blank verse is haunted. For a long time hardly anyone has been able to use it without producing a million reverberating echoes which blur what he himself has to say; and no one has yet evolved any formal rhythm which can satisfactorily take its place.

But speculations on such details as these are, no doubt, out of place and unprofitable. What we have to consider is whether the 'artistic' drama was not limited at the outset in its range and its appeal by the circumstances in which it received its new life; whether it is not, in virtue of these limitations, a thing only for the few, not a thing which only a few as yet enjoy, though all should do so.

IN THIS DESERTED GARDEN

BY SYLVIA LYND

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

In this deserted garden was song ever sung?
Did ever the blossom of April put light on the bough?
Did leaves move softly once? At night was there hung
A moon in the depths of the branches where clouds hang now?

Stood I by the willow listening, with indrawn breath,
To hear, from the echoing night, from the mist-white vale —
Leaves overhead and the moon, and grass beneath —
The first wild song of the newly come nightingale?

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THE UNGRATEFUL SNAKE

A SIBERIAN FOLK TALE

BY BASSETT DIGBY

From the *New Statesman, December* 31
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

ONCE upon a time, an old Kirghiz, journeying down to the frontier of Turkestan on the back of his camel, saw a snake that a stork was just going to catch and eat. The snake was very frightened, and prayed the man to save him.

'Very well,' said the kind Kirghiz, climbing down from his camel. He shooed the stork away, picked up the snake, and put it into one of the little leather bags he always carried with him.

'Mummmmumm,' said the snake.

'Can't understand a word!' answered the Kirghiz. 'Speak up, please, and don't mumble.'

'Well, put your ear nearer,' said the snake. 'How do you expect to hear me through this thick bag. . . . Has the stork flown away?'

'Yes,' said the Kirghiz.

'Are you quite, absolutely, *perfectly* sure the stork has flown away?' asked the snake.

'Yes,' said the Kirghiz.

'In fact, you are thoroughly convinced that its departure is no nebulous hallucination?' persisted the snake.

'Yes,' said the Kirghiz. He did n't know what all those long words meant any more than you do, but he was a wise old man, and always used to say 'yes' to avoid a fuss.

'Then lemme out of here; it's dark and stuffy and horrid!' said the snake. The Kirghiz undid the cord tied round the mouth of the bag, and let him out. For a moment the snake blinked in the sunshine. Then he turned to his deliverer and said: —

'Now I'm going to bite the camel and you — both of you! And you'll fall down very dead!'

'Why?' asked the old man. 'I have n't done you any harm.'

'I know,' answered the snake. 'You have even done me a good turn. If you had done me some harm I should be afraid of you.'

'How unfair!' said the old Kirghiz. 'However, I offer an open mind to all these new philosophical nuances. Let us continue our journey, and we will ask for other opinions on the subject as we go.'

The snake agreed. Soon they met a cow and told her all about it. Said she: —

'The snake is quite right. You men yourselves behave like him. You, too, return evil for good. Look at me, for instance. Twelve years have I served the same master. Every year I have given him a calf, and I have fed him by giving him milk for himself and his family. Now that I am old they don't want me any more. Yesterday the butcher came and thumped me and poked me. I'm going to be sold and killed. I know it.'

'There you are now!' said the snake, very pleased, but the old Kirghiz asked him to wait until they had consulted someone else.

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Farther along the track they passed under a great black elm, and asked it to settle their dispute.

'Here am I, alone in the middle of the steppe,' answered the black elm. 'For a hundred years I have been spreading my leafy arms and giving shade and coolness to the men passing by who have rested here. But of all of them there is not one who, looking up at my strong body and my lovely arms, does not wish he were cutting me up into planks and beams, and selling them. One of these days someone will come and cut me down and chop me into bits. Is that gratitude for all I have done?'

'You have heard what the cow told you,' said the snake. 'You have heard what the black elm tells you. Come on. Don't let us waste any more time. I'm in a hurry. I've three more people to bite before tea time and it really is your turn now.' But the old man besought him to wait until they had taken just one more opinion. So they continued their journey.

Presently they met a crafty old fox. They told him about their dispute and how it had come about.

'I can't tell you what I think until I have seen exactly how this matter began,' said the fox. 'Let the snake get into the bag again, and then I can see just how he was saved.'

The snake crawled halfway into the bag. Then he stopped.

'Gee-up! Go on! All the way in if . . . you . . . please!' said the fox, poking him to make him hurry up. 'Get right inside and take your tail with you — every inch of it!' The snake grumbled a good deal, but he got right in and pulled all his tail in after him.

'So far, so good,' said the fox, wrinkling up his forehead and looking very wise. 'Now, Kirghiz, you had put him in the bag like that. Then what was done? Did you tie up the mouth of the bag with a cord?'

'Yes, I did,' answered the Kirghiz.

'Well, show me how you did it,' continued the fox. 'The Court must be fully conversant with the pertinent incidentry of the allegement.'

The old Kirghiz tied the mouth of the bag tightly.

'You know how to thrash grain, don't you?' asked the fox.

'But I have n't any grain here to beat!' replied the Kirghiz.

'Well, beat the snake instead,' advised the fox. 'He can't get out and bite you now.'

'I never thought of that!' said the old Kirghiz, smiling. And picking up a big, flat stone, he flung it on the bag and squashed the ungrateful snake as flat as a biscuit.

'Thank you, fox,' said the Kirghiz.

'Not at all,' answered the fox, politely.

Then the old gentleman mounted his camel again and continued his journey down to the frontier of Turkestan.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

EVERY MOTHER

BY G. R. H.

[*Toronto Mail and Empire*]

'An Unknown Warrior!' No, he was my son,
Gathered in love to Britain's heart to-day;
My son it was who came in royal state,
Though he with countless thousands marched away.

Have I not shed unnumbered midnight tears?
Have I not anguished in the dark days past,
And prayed my Lord for just one priceless boon,
To know one lone boy's resting-place at last?

And now my prayer is answered; he is come
In manner fit for the most glorious dead,
And I, who loved and gave him, smile once more
And rest content; my final tear is shed.

I am like one who long, long years ago
Came sorrowing to a loved one's grave to pray,
And found an empty space, the prisoner free,
So from my heart the stone is rolled away.

No longer nameless in the Flanders fields,
No more sad wondering, Where? and When? and How?
For in the dim old Abbey safely lies
My soldier son, honored by high and low.

Quietly I waited in the crowded streets;
I heard soft music, saw the gleam of guns,
Then someone whispered gently at my side:
'Here comes the King (God bless him) and his sons.'

Soldiers and sailors, brave and loyal men
Were there, but midst the splendor only one
Bright spot of glorious color met my eyes,
The Flag across the body of my son.

Then as they passed I know an unseen host,
Gallant, triumphant, joined them on their way,
Dear faithful mourning mothers, dry your tears,
For all your boys came home with mine to-day.

RONDEAU

BY GRIFFYTH FAIRFAX

(*From the French of Jehan Froissart, circ.* 1340)

[*Colour*]

Come back, dear friend; too long is thy delay,
And care is mine, and sorrow for thy sake:
My soul cries out for thee the livelong day.
Come back, dear friend; too long is thy delay.

For none but thou canst banish care away,
Nor will till thou thy homeward journey take.
Come back, dear friend; too long is thy delay,
And care is mine, and sorrow for thy sake.

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STEVENSON, A LETTER, AND A DEBT

Two interesting Stevenson letters, one from R. L. S. himself and the other from Mrs. Stevenson, have recently come into the hands of Sir Sidney Colvin, who publishes an interesting account of them in the London *Times*. When the Stevensons were at Davos in the winter of 1881–1882, a local photographer took a very characteristic photograph of the author, wearing one of the black shirts that he then affected. Soon after he had left, Stevenson wrote to a Mrs. MacMorland, asking her to buy a number of these photographs for him to distribute among his friends. During the ensuing twelve months, illness and constant travel caused him to forget his small debt to Mrs. MacMorland. After the Stevensons had at last settled at Hyères in April 1883, Mrs. Stevenson recollected that it had not been settled, and sent a note to Mrs. MacMorland, in which she said: —

What shall I say, how shall I prostrate myself before you in an attitude lowly enough for my deserts? Since I wrote to you last we have had many miseries that are now happily over. When I got my brain disentangled and looked back, such a fearful time had elapsed since your last letter came that I did not dare to address you. About a month ago a bright thought struck me. I offered to do a very disagreeable piece of work for Mr. Stevenson provided he would write to you on my behalf and make my peace. I have been waiting, waiting, waiting, ever since; but alas, you know as well as I what men are.

Mrs. Stevenson enclosed forty shillings and finally prevailed upon Stevenson himself to write the following letter which has hitherto remained unpublished: —

My dear Mrs. MacMorland, —

And so it was — the painful truth was this and not otherwise and I am a red-handed, naked savage, adorned with scalps. I do nothing now but scalp, except neglect to meet my liabilities; my position as a fraudulent bankrupt is the only thing undeniably civilized about me. I have been ill; I have done no work for eight months; I have about ruined my father; and as I have never answered a letter or paid a debt, I am, in self-defense, obliged to glory in my abasement and wrap myself in the Pirate Flag. Even my wife, I cheat and neglect — to keep my hand in.

In a better world I may again find and attire myself in what I once used to call my virtues. Or perhaps, when I recollect the various trunks, boxes, and cases with which I have bestrewed the fair face of Europe and a considerable proportion of the states of North America — I may find in one of them, the aged and leathery remnants of my conscience. But in the meanwhile take me for what I am, a Devil Incarnate, An Unrepentant Bilk and Bandit, A man who lacks but the opportunity to Ruin Empires.

Don't try to excuse me; I am inexcusable. But write and give us news; and remember me in your prayers.

R. L. D. Stevenson

Chalet la Solitude,
Hyères,
Var,
France.

I have added, as you will perceive, a new initial to my signature, a D., fatal capital! Its significance, the mind shudders to conceive.

✽

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

First editions and autographed copies of the works of living authors bid fair to displace the rare editions of older worthies in London auction rooms, if English collectors maintain their present interests. The earliest editions of such writers as Wells, Hardy, George Moore, Conrad, and Galsworthy are fetching high prices in all the London auction rooms, and

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the interest in matters bibliographical where modern authors are concerned is so lively, that the *London Mercury* for a long time printed a series of 'Bibliographies of Modern Authors.'

A collection of several first editions of H. G. Wells sold at Hodgson's in London, last December, for 76 pounds; a copy of *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, autographed 'with affectionate regards from H. G. Wells,' bringing 4 pounds, 7 shillings, 6 pence. At Sotheby's, a copy of George Moore's *Flowers of Passion*, 1878, first edition, brought 50 pounds; but this was an especially interesting copy, whose value was enhanced by a poem in the author's handwriting, entitled 'The Ballad of Lovers' and addressed 'To Fluffie.' *Flowers of Passion* has been generally regarded as Mr. Moore's first book, but the industry of the *Mercury's* bibliographer brought to light — by no means to Mr. Moore's joy — an earlier and long-forgotten volume of which, apparently, not even the author had a copy. Another of Mr. Moore's books, the *Confessions of a Young Man*, 1889, inscribed by the author, 'to William Sharp in all friendship and esteem,' demonstrated the commercial value of those admirable feelings by selling for 5 pounds, 5 shillings.

Kipling's *Letters of Marque*, 1891, the first complete edition, fetched 17 pounds, and a copy of Arthur Symons's *The Loom of Dreams*, inscribed to 'Dear Miss Macleod' brought 3 guineas. Yeats's *The Tables of the Law*, also inscribed to Sharp, sold for 6 pounds.

The lowly esteem in which the giants of an earlier day are held may be inferred from the price paid for a presentation set of George Meredith's collected works — thirty-two volumes for 10 pounds. But perhaps literature is not, after all, best evaluated in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence.

AUSTIN DOBSON'S LAST POEM

THE *London Mercury* for January prints the last poem ever written by Austin Dobson, whose death was perhaps the chief literary loss of 1921. The poem is very short, consisting only of nine lines of Christmas good wishes to the poet's friend, Edmund Gosse: —

To Edmund Gosse
(*Xmas* 1920)

In darkening days, when old desires
Die slowly down, like fading fires,
What cheers us most is still the cry
Of those who look for larger sky,
And find, with every cloud withdrawn,
Fresh promise of an ampler dawn.
Your voice of yore was joined with these,
I wish you therefore Hope and Ease,
Health, and continued power to please.

✻

EXCAVATIONS IN CRETE

DR. KERAMOPOULLOS, the Greek archæologist, has carried further the excavations of the so-called house of Cadmus in Crete — an ancient palace one part of which, previously known, goes back to about 1600 B.C., while the other dates from about 1100. The recent excavations of the Greek savant include inscriptions of four, ten, and twelve letters, placed on vases of symmetrical shape and related to the prehistoric writing of the continent. The discovery apparently offers confirmation of the ancient legend that Cadmus brought the alphabet to the Greeks.

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THE SHORTCOMINGS OF THE YOUNGER FRENCH ARTISTS

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Observer* forwards to his paper the following diatribe against the younger artists of Paris: —

The official report upon the works forwarded by the young French artists who

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have been sent at the expense of the Académie des Beaux-Arts to the Villa Médicis at Rome is even more scathing than I foreshadowed some time ago. A strenuous protest is raised against the new tendencies. How does it come about, ask the *rapporteurs*, that the young artists, surrounded by *chefs-d'œuvre*, freed from material cares, do not work better? Many true artists representing the national genius have in the past been fashioned in the poetic silence of the Villa. The report is particularly severe for the sculptors. They should have studied the masters, all the masters of the diverse epochs; but they have preconceived ideas and almost invariably they employ instruments, such as combs, to execute an appearance of hair, and their art is conventional, composed of recipes and tricks, affecting the primitive school. The only excuse there is for them is that they have been troubled by the scandalous successes of recent years — successes obtained by works in which the poverty of imagination is only equaled by the sculptural ignorance. This simplification is unhappily regarded by many people as a new expression of art. In reality, in returning to the primitive style that archæology has revealed, these young artists only seek to mask their incapacity. They have gone back twenty-seven centuries. The true art of France, says the report, is certainly composed of respect for the masters who have preceded us, of deep tradition, but also of profound admiration for nature. It has nothing to do with these retrograde and sterile researches, which are killing the personality of the young Frenchmen in whom such hope was placed when they were sent to the Villa Médicis. This is really a terrible condemnation, but it is timely, and has a much wider application than was intended by the writers.

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THE WHEAT PLANT

INFORMATION of the greatest interest and importance to the layman is scattered here and there through the pages of *The Wheat Plant*, a technical agricultural monograph just published by Professor John Percival, of Reading, England. Perhaps the most startling single fact in the book is the account of the hundreds of varieties of wheat and the widely varying conditions under which they grow. Wheat is ripened within the Arctic Circle in Norway and Sweden, at altitudes of 8000 feet in Ecuador and 14,000 feet in Tibet, in climates as moist as that of northern Scotland and in dry lands where no rain falls between seedtime and harvest. Indeed, so various is its range that somewhere or other in the world a wheat crop is always being cut, no matter what the time of year. No less than 2000 species are in the collection at the Reading College Farm, and numbers of these are figured by Professor Percival in his book.

The author sets forth definite views on the long-disputed question of the origin of bread wheat. He maintains that it is a hybrid derived from two distinct species, the wild small spelt, a grass found in the Balkans, and wild emmer, which is found in Syria and western Persia. Ever since the Stone Age, man has been experimenting with these and other varieties of the grain, sometimes aided and sometimes hindered by the chance intervention of insects, birds, and weather; and the outcome of these centuries of experiment is the wheat plant in all its kinds as we know it to-day. The wheat grown by primitive man was probably the club or dwarf wheat, still cultivated in Turkestan and on poor soils in other parts of the world as well, and perhaps spelt, which is now widely grown in Central Europe.

Professor Percival scoffs at the stories of grains of wheat taken from Egyptian tombs, which are said later to have germinated. His own tests with grains of known age show that few kernels over fifteen years old will sprout, and he points in corroboration to the experiments of the distinguished Egyptologist, Professor Flinders Petrie, who

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has tried in vain to grow the kernels of wheat that he has found in his Egyptian explorations.

DANIEL ZULOAGA, PAINTER OF POTTERY

DANIEL ZULOAGA, the great Spanish ceramic artist, has died in Madrid at the age of seventy-one. He was the uncle of the painter, Ignacio Zuloaga; but the fame of the nephew far exceeded that of the uncle. The reputation of the younger Zuloaga is world-wide, whereas the older artist's work is best known in Spain, and outside his native land is familiar only to connoisseurs.

But Ignacio Zuloaga's canvases have carried his uncle's features into the art galleries of most of the world, for the younger man painted not only the old potter, but his whole family, over and over again, using them repeatedly as models for his scenes from Spanish gypsy life. The Zuloaga picture which is probably the one best known to Americans, 'My Uncle Daniel and his Family,' hung in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, shows the whole family, in the national costume, against a typical Spanish landscape.

The elder Zuloaga had a long gray beard, a spiritual and dignified face, and bright clear eyes of a deep brown. His work and his example have done much to revive the art of ceramics in Spain and he has also made himself a reputation with his colored tiles, — pure bits of Castilian life, — the peasant and his donkey, toiling up a hill, the bullock cart, the life of the roads, and the towers of Seville. In his work he was greatly helped by his children, especially his two daughters. One of the daughters, Esperanza, was particularly gifted and did some of the coloring.

Zuloaga pottery is to be found all over Spain and his larger work in ceramics is to be found in many of the great churches and in the *patios* of Seville. Zuloaga's workshop was the old Church of San Juan de los Caballeros. He used one of the vestries as his designing shop, in another he laid the color on the baked work, before glazing, and in the nave of the church he had his *hornos* or furnaces, heated with wood or charcoal. In another part of the church was a collection of old missals, lecterns, parchments, and chairs. An English newspaper correspondent, who inadvertently stalked unannounced into Zuloaga's *taller* under the impression that it was still a church and open to the public, says that Zuloaga seated among his antique treasures reminded him 'of Faust, in the cellar, surrounded by his books and phials.'

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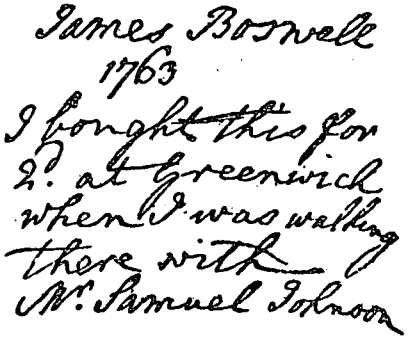

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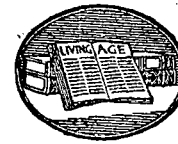

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